HESPERIDES: POEMS BY ROBERT HERRICK. EDITED WITH NOTES BY HERBERT P. HORNE, AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY ERNEST RHYS.

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HERRICK.

HERRICK'S "Hesperides," which was published at London in 1648, "at the Crown and Marygold in Saint Paul's Churchyard," has, with a few other such distinguished books of antique verse, the making in it of one of the most delightful pocket volume in the world. With a little care the book falls into shape almost of itself, its weak and redundant parts slipping away out of sight, and leaving a store of verse in which a freshness akin to the simple magic of English folk-song will be found attuned in a very wonderful way to the perfect art of the classic verse-writers. Herrick, in fact, was born at a happy time, when the old English country life was still fresh to the poet's hand, and the impulse, carried on from the Latin pastorals on one hand, and the native folk-songs on the other, through the work of Spenser, Greene, Marlowe, and the Elizabethans generally, was still quickening the poet's brain. Throughout his life things went to keep Herrick to this natural range of poetry, and so it is that he, with his inborn lyrical feeling, has left us potentially contained in the "Hesperides" almost the ideal book in its kind. In this little volume the editors have simply tried

to free it from anything which has tended to hide its true quality, and so to cast it into quintessential shape, working from the standard and along the lines which Herrick himself has seemed to lay down. Here he is still as natural, as various, as wilful even, as in his original form, but he is made more accessible, his book an incomparable one to take into pleasant country places where the 'Lord-Manufacturer' has not yet set his destroying heel.

The book "Hesperides" did not appear until Herrick was fifty-seven years old and at the end of his career as a poet. In 1648, eleven years after the death of the master, Ben Jonson, whom the young poets of thirty years before, and Herrick with them, had looked up to so devotedly, the time was late for one of that little clan of followers to reappear before the world. In that thirty years stranger things than the death of Ben Jonson had happened to disturb the conditions of poetry; but the strangest of all was to follow soon after the appearance of Herrick's book, to still more profoundly unsettle them, in the death of Charles I., with all its train of social and literary reactions. Otherwise there was nothing very exceptional in the publication of a book of poems early in 1648. The republic of letters continued its work undismayed through all the confusion and tumult of the Civil War; Milton, Marvell, Vaughan, Crashaw, Cowley, and others published books within its period. What was exceptional about the appearance of "Hesperides" was that it was the late presentation of the work of a poet who

was known, if at all, because of old association with the "sons" of Ben, and who returned to town after what had really been long exile in Devonshire, an ejected country parson. Indeed, Herrick could no longer be a personality in the London which he had known thirty years before only too well. He had misgivings himself at last; there is an inevitable sadness in some of the poems written when it came near the time of sending forth his book.

> "Go thou forth, my book, though late,
> Yet be timely fortunate.
> It may chance good luck may send
> Thee a kinsman or a friend,
> That may harbour thee when I
> With my fates neglected lie.
> If thou know'st not where to dwell,
> See, the fire's by.—Farewell."

At this time Herrick, I have said, was fifty-seven years old. In turning back to give an account of these years, during which his poetry was in the making, it will be sufficient to follow, in the main, the lead of Mr. Grosart, who has brought together a great quantity of material bearing upon Herrick's life in his edition of the "Hesperides." Mr. Grosart's memoir is, however, so voluminous as to be at times confusing, and the aim here has been to give a simpler account, adding what new touches and details the present editors have been able to bring to light.

With other of the English poets who stand out as representative of the high orders of poetry—as Chaucer, Spenser, Milton—London claims

Herrick too by birth. He was born in Cheapside, in the August of 1591, having been baptised on the 24th of that month at St. Vedast's Church, Foster Lane, hard by. His father, Nicholas Herycke—for the name was variously spelt—was a goldsmith, who came of a well-known old Leicestershire family, the Heryckes, or more strictly the Eyrickes, of Great Stretton. His immediate family pedigree will be found in the notes; and here it need only be added that the Eyrickes were no doubt of Norse descent, as the name implies—the same as the Norse "Eric." The poet's grandfather, John Heyricke—to use the further variation of spelling adoped by him—lived, not at Great Stretton but in Leicester town, and with him the family entered upon the commercial phase in which its later members were so successful. It is probable that John Heyricke was an ironmonger, seeing that his eldest son who no doubt inherited the business from him is so described. He was twice mayor of Leicester, where he lived to the age of seventy-six, and as a further proof of the vitality of the Herrick stock, his epitaph may be cited, which states that for fifty-two years there had not been a single death under his roof although a large family of children had grown up there. It is added of his wife, Marie—"The said Marie departed this life ye 8th of December 1611, being of the age 97 years. She did see before her departure, of her children, and her children's children, to the number of 142."

Of the children we are mainly concerned with the second son, Nicholas, who settled in London as

a goldsmith, and became father to the poet. The same long life was not to be his, for he died somewhat mysteriously in 1592, little more than a year after the birth of his famous son. Evidence contained in the family papers shews that he died by a fall from an upper window of his house, and that at the time it was supposed he deliberately took this singular means of putting an end to his life. The reason for this act does not in any way appear, and as he left behind him an ample estate, there could not have been any business difficulties of moment enough to warrant it. He left enough wealth, indeed, to excite the greed of the Bishop of Bristol, as High Almoner, who rested a claim upon the "goods and chattels" of the deceased as a suicide and outlaw, and even succeeded in obtaining, after much litigation, a sum of £220 as a satisfaction of his claims. One cannot help conjecturing a little about the life and temperament of Nicholas Herycke. Suicide was not common at the time, and in the present instance it was strangely compassed, for the houses at the head of Cheapside where the goldsmith lived were probably only two storeys in height, and a fall from the upper window would not be so necessarily fatal as to recommend itself for suicidal purposes. Was there the restlessness of imagination in him, as there was its contained energy in his son? The whole matter remains obscure. After his death, the family did not continue long in Cheapside; the mother appears to have moved with her seven children to Hampton-on-Thames, where an eighth child, a son, was born

posthumously. As Herrick was presently to return to "Golden Cheapside," as he terms it in the poem "His Tears to Thamasis," and as there must have been frequent visits there in the interval, it is interesting to know at all the aspect of the houses and street with which he was so much associated. This we are fortunately able to do with the aid of an important drawing described by Mr. Horne in the notes, to which the reader will find it well to refer continually for further details of Herrick's life and surroundings than can be given in this brief memoir. There, too, will be found a delightful explanation of the term, "Golden Cheapside."

Herrick's schooldays are a little uncertain. In the poem just mentioned there is a reference to Westminster, which Mr. Grosart, following a suggestion made in another edition by Mr. Walford, thinks enough to shew that he probably went to that famous old school. Hampton Court and other riverside places are also mentioned in the poem, which is interesting for more than the reference to boyish amusements, and calls up circumstances to be pleasantly borne in mind in all the early part of Herrick's life. The first half only need be quoted—

"I send, I send here my supremest kiss
To thee, my silver-footed Thamasis.
No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,
Whereon so many stately structures stand:
Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go,
To bathe in thee (as thousand others do,)
No more shall I along thy crystal glide,
In barge (with boughs and rushes beautified)

With soft-smooth virgins (for our chaste disport)
To Richmond, Kingston, and to Hampton Court:
Never again shall I with finny oar
Put from, or draw unto the faithful shore:
And landing here, or safely landing there,
Make way to my belovèd Westminster,
Or to the Golden-Cheap-side, where the earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth."

Unfortunately, the early Registers of Westminster School are lost, but as the conjecture that the boy was sent there is both the most interesting and the most probable which can be formed, there is no harm in accepting it provisionally, and picturing Herrick as a schoolboy amidst the surroundings of Westminster, with its noble halls and cloisters and echoing playgrounds. From other reminiscent touches in the "Hesperides" we get a general idea that these boyish days were free and happy, varied betwixt town and country as boys love to have them; and there are not many boys who have had a readier talent for fun and all pleasant boyish imaginations than Robert Herrick.

In his sixteenth year his schooldays came to an end, and life began in workaday earnest. In the autumn of 1607 he was bound apprentice to his uncle, William Herrick, who was also a goldsmith in Wood Street, Cheapside. William Herrick was a younger brother of Nicholas, and had been appointed guardian to his children, having possibly succeeded to his business at the same time. He was a prosperous member of his craft and trade, possessed of a keen business faculty which, added to his skill as a craftsman, procured him

court patronage. It was probably a little later than this that he was created Sir William, because of the skilful boring of a diamond for the King. From the letters which passed between the goldsmith and his nephew afterwards, and from the record of Sir William's grasping character as a county landlord at a later date, the young Herrick cannot have found his position in Wood Street very congenial. In the few years of his 'prentice life, there must, however, have been compensations. There is an artistic interest in goldsmith's work, which Herrick would take a natural delight in. In the early seventeenth century splendid gold and silver work was produced in England, and of course the whole condition of the art was very different to that found under the present mechanical order. Herrick had so keen an appreciation of all beautiful things that he could not fail to profit by his experience as a goldsmith, which probably influenced in a way his whole artistic faculty. An exquisite use of detail taken from the goldsmith's art will be found in the poems, and one traces its influence upon him in more subtle artistic ways still. Taken in its wider circumstances, the 'prentice life was full of colour and quick human interest in the time of James I., and Herrick, with his happy and imaginative disposition, could not have lived in Cheapside without entering keenly into the spirit of things. In the early years of James I. the intense Elizabethan feeling for life and art was still undiminished. The theatres were never more alluring to youthful fancy. Shakespeare was in the last splendid phase of

his dramatic creation: "King Lear," "Antony and Cleopatra," and other of his later plays were produced about this time. Ben Jonson, who was to have such influence over Herrick at a later time, and to whom the youth must have felt peculiarly drawn from the first, was near the climax of his fame: "Volpone," the "Alchemist," and the "Silent Woman" were doubtless seen by Herrick on their production during these years, quickening in a hundred ways his sense of poetry. We turn to these plays now for more than their dramatic interest, and if we want to realise the spirit of the daily life in Cheapside, and London generally, when Herrick was a goldsmith's apprentice there, no way of doing it will be found more vivid than by studying certain of the plays by Ben Jonson, Dekker, Heywood, and others, with the help of history. It must be remembered that this was previous to the Great Fire, and in addition to the old-fashioned aspect then of Cheapside itself, old St. Paul's gave life to the whole neighbourhood. These were the days when the Middle Aisle of St. Paul's was the recognised place of meeting for merchants, loungers, beggars, and so forth; it was the Exchange, the 'Row,' the fashionable and unfashionable resort of the time.

There were other reasons, probably, beyond Herrick's uncongenial position under his uncle for his growing discontented with his life as a goldsmith's apprentice. It is rarely that a youth of imaginative temper rests contented on the verge of manhood with the everyday surroundings

provided for him ; a widening of the horizon, actual and ideal, is sure to be sooner or later restlessly longed for. As he grew older, Herrick's artistic impulse would drive him to seek new opportunities to give it play. Glimpses of the well-known poets moving in the free and generous art atmosphere of London then, of Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and their fellows, must often have occurred to fire his ambition. Most of these men, and those especially to whom Herrick felt most drawn, had been university men, and naturally his desires turned towards Oxford or Cambridge as being the nearest way of realising his ambition. However this may have been, it is at any rate certain that before his apprenticeship was out Herrick had somehow managed to free himself from his bond to his uncle, and had escaped to Cambridge.

How Sir William took the matter we have no means of knowing exactly, but it must have been quite against his will. A considerable moiety of Herrick's small inheritance must have been compromised in binding him apprentice, and ensuring him an interest in the business, and the goldsmith would naturally resent any diversion of this money. Besides, there was the uncertainty of the outlook in any other profession that his nephew might adopt. There are some interesting letters extant from the undergraduate to his uncle, which show that there was friction in their business relationship, and which cast much light upon the whole of Herrick's university life. The first of these letters, of which there are fourteen in all, is dated September 1613, when Herrick was twenty-two, and it seems likely

therefore, as it was evidently written not long after his arrival at the university, that it was on his reaching his twenty-first year that he went there. In the second letter, in an appeal for money, he speaks of the straits he is reduced to: ". . . did you but know," he writes, "how disfurnished I came to Cambridg, without bedding (which I yet want) and other necessaries, you would (as I now trust you will) better your thoughts towards me, considering of my forc't expense. Sr, I entreat you to furnish me with ten pounds this quarter; for the last money which I receaud came not till the last quarter had almost spent it self, which now constraines me so suddenly to write for more. Good Sr, forbeare to censure me as prodigall, for I endeuour rather to strengthen (then debilitate) my feeble familie fortune. I should fill much paper, if I should follow my passions; but I will break off, only entreating you (yf there be no waye for me to leade a lyfe here) that then you would write me your counsell how I maye learn to liue." This letter is endorsed, "To his most carefull Vncle Sr Willi: Hearick dwelling at London in Wood-streete," and elsewhere in it he writes of "some sparkes of your conceald affection," in which we may agree with Mr. Grosart that there lurks a touch of irony. The third of these letters, in some respects the most suggestive of all, is academic and even Euphuistic in style, a delicious specimen of an undergraduate's letter to a strict, and conceivably stupid, guardian. It forms an interesting prose complement, moreover, to the "Hesperides." In this again I think there is a touch of irony to be detected in its Euphuistic

exaggerations. The opening sentences give a fair idea of the whole. The words in square brackets are inserted to supply the place of those lost through the fraying of the edges of the original MS.—

"Qui timide rogat,
Negare docet.

Are the minds of men immutable? and will they rest in only one opinion without the least perspicuous shewe of chaing? Oh no, they cannot, for Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis: it is an old but yet young saying in our age, as times chainge, so mens minds are altered: O would [it] weere seene, for then some pittying Planet would with a dr[op of] deaw refreash my withered hopes, and giue a lyfe to that which [is about?] to die; the bodie is preserued by foode, and lyfe by hope, which (but wanting either of these conseruers) faint, feare, fall, freese & die. 'Tis in your power to cure all, to infuse by a profusion a double lyfe into a single bodie. . . ."

All through his university life, Herrick continued in the same awkward dependence upon his uncle. According to Mr. Grosart, he went to Cambridge first of all with the idea of studying for the church, but there can be no certainty in this, and it is more likely that he merely effected his escape thither with the general idea of furthering his literary ambition. At the same time he may have done so under the plea of keeping the church or the law in view. The issue of his visits to the theatres in his 'prentice days might well be a lurking desire to write for the stage himself,

and now that Ben Jonson had made it seem indispensable to have an immense academic equipment for the poet's work, it would be natural to wish to follow his example. While an undergraduate, Herrick must have been gradually claiming acquaintance with him and his "sons" on his visits to town, bringing a "lyric-offering" on occasion to present to the "arch-poet." At the university, life at this time was free and unrestrained, to say the least of it, and Herrick, with his hot Norse blood, was not of a nature to hold aloof. There are plentiful traces of this in "Hesperides," as in the "Farewell unto Poetrie," quoted by Mr. Grosart.

> "We . . . . . have spent our time
> Both from the morning to the evening chime;
> Nay, till the bell-man of the night had toll'd
> Past noon of night, yet were the hours not old,
> Nor dull'd with iron sleeps, but have out-worn
> The fresh and fairest flourish of the morn
> With flame, and rapture; drinking to the odd
> Number of wine, which makes us full with God.
> And in that mystic frenzy, we have hurled
> (As with a tempest) nature through the world,
> And in a whirl-wind twirl'd her home, aghast
> At that which in her ecstasy had past."

In one of the later letters to his uncle, Herrick asks "whether it were better for me to direct my study towards the lawe or not," and this, taken with the other evidence cited above, shows that he did not at any rate regard himself as a divinity student at the time. The last letter of all is written from "Trinity Hall, Cambridge;" from whose Registry it is found that he took his B.A.

in 1616-17, and his M.A. in 1620, when he appears to have left Cambridge and ended his university career.

It is not clear how he spent the seven or eight years which follow, but they fix themselves vividly in his history through the intimate association with Ben Jonson, no longer so supreme in authority, but still an autocrat in the eyes of younger poets to whom it was an honour to attend those "lyric feasts" celebrated in the "Ode to Ben Jonson." When Herrick came to town, the "Mermaid," "Mitre," and "Windmill" Taverns, formerly in vogue, seem to have dropped out of fashion, and to have given way to others—"The Sun," "The Dog," "The Triple Tun," as alluded to by Herrick in the Ode :—

"Ah Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun;
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad?
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine."

At these taverns, where the poets and their followers met of a night when the afternoon performances in the theatres were over, the symposia were sufficiently wild, if not mad. Ben Jonson himself was a giant in his cups, and set his "sons" no doubtful example, quaffing canary and sack in bumpers unrestrained by a modern brain-worker's misgivings.

Here, to him and his festive crew of rhymesters, we can imagine Herrick entering, to be hailed with a laughing shout of welcome, on many a memorable night in these years. In 1621 Herrick was thirty years old, and so far as we can conjecture from the absurd portrait which has been perpetuated in various editions of "Hesperides," he must have been of a singularly striking presence. At this time something of the slender grace of youth remained, we may suppose, to chasten the florid robustness which marked his appearance in later manhood; but the Roman cast of feature, the large nose, the keen, laughing eyes, the curling hair, the full jaw and throat, which completed his powerful physique, must have made him a personality of remark even amid such a group of men of virile individuality as surrounded Ben Jonson. It is well, perhaps, in passing—since all writers upon Herrick have previously accepted without misgiving the portrait in question—to direct the readers to the Notes for the reasons which exist to prove this portrait unsatisfactory.

However Herrick managed to eke out his small inheritance in these years, it is clear from "Hesperides," and its collection of miniatures of those who formed his social circle, that his life was at any rate humanly well filled. As we read through the poems, we gather the references which show how pleasant life must have seemed to him at this time. In especial, we feel this as we linger over the inestimable charm of the poems to Julia, to Silvia, to Anthea, and to others. Of these, Julia separates herself from the rest as the enthroned

lady of his heart and mind,—a woman of affluent beauty, of endless allurement, "dearest of thousands," as he still passionately acclaimed her, when the end of all seemed approaching, and he could look back over the light and shade of her whole story.

During these years in London, when he probably had some uncertain connection with the court and political life to keep him more or less occupied, Herrick, no doubt, lived very much according to the fashion of the time, without any great ethical impulse to interfere with the fulness of pleasure. But the life seems to have palled upon him at last, and the death of his mother, in 1629, may have served to give this impulse a determination, although, as she all but ignored her famous son in her will, and as he in his turn never once mentions her in "Hesperides," there cannot have been any unusual affection on either side. This as it may be, Herrick took orders the same year, and was presented to the living of Dean Prior, in Devon; and we know that it was not mere expediency which drove him to this step, for, as Mr. Grosart points out, he expressly disclaims this in his "Farewell unto Poetry." "It is not need," he says,—

> "'But 'tis the God of nature who intends
> And shapes my function for more glorious ends.'"

In the "Hesperides" we find a series of delightful pictures of Herrick's life at Dean Prior; the poet in his guise of pastoral hermit celebrates, even to the most realistic details, his solitary life there,

from which it is clear that after the social stir of London and Whitehall it must have seemed strange indeed to him. In those days Devonshire was as remote as Nova Scotia is now; Herrick seems to have gone thither by sea, from the Thames to Plymouth, which was, in fact, the speediest route. Mr. Grosart gives a description of the Dean Prior neighbourhood as it is to-day, which shows us a charming spot worthy to be associated for all time with the exquisite pastoral verse of the "Hesperides." The road there from Brent, a place about sixteen miles from Plymouth, approaches it by quiet hamlets and pleasant meadows, with here and there glimpses of distant hills; and presently, fording a stream, where a little stone foot-bridge crosses alongside, the narrow lane is reached which leads down to Dean Church. Here, looking down from the high-road, the traveller sees the church and vicarage, with surrounding farm-buildings and cottages, set amid trees in a deep and narrow valley. Dean Prior lies about a mile further on, with Dean Court, "now a farm, but anciently a great manor-house," hard by. During part of Herrick's residence, Dean Court was occupied by Sir Edward Giles, the Lord of the Manor, whose epitaph, discovered by Mr. Grosart, we add at the end of this volume. The stream which Herrick addressed not very respectfully in the poem "To Dean Bourne, a rude River in Devon: by which sometimes he lived," flows from the moor and through one of the "coombs," or deep and narrow valleys common in this part of Devonshire, and passes close to Dean Prior.

In these primitive surroundings Herrick lived henceforward with little other society than that of the narrow circle of rustics and yeomen. No doubt he managed to make occasional visits to London, and there were friends in the country at whose houses he was welcome—"his peculiar friend, Mr. John Wickes," and others, celebrated in "Hesperides;" but it was the quiet and solitary days and weeks at the vicarage which gave this period of his life its real colouring. From some of the poems, such as "A Thanksgiving to God for his House," we know that he at least lived simply under the homely rule of his housekeeper, Prue, and that his life was in keeping with the native rusticity of the place. Traditions of his residence there still lingered until late years among the older people of the place, and Mr. Grosart gives us an interesting account of some of these—of his having once thrown his sermon at the head of his congregation for inattention; of the tame pig which followed him about, and which he had taught to drink out of a tankard; and of sundry other small memories of a like kind. One old woman, Dorothy King, who remembered some of these things, had been taught his Litany in her youth, and was in the habit of repeating it at bedtime, which shows that he must have made his poetry to some degree a factor in his pastoral rule over the simple villagers. On another side, no doubt he used the epigrams, coarsely realistic in their satire as many of them are, which treated of the personal defects of certain of his parishioners, as Master Mudge, or Prickles, or Mistress Bridget,

in a similar way, and we can imagine him returning to his threshold chuckling over some rhymed joke of the kind with which he had just set the rustics grinning at some grotesque offender against truth or decency. These epigrams are worth nothing as poetry, but they are full of interest as illustrating his life as a country parson. After all that he could do to occupy himself, however, there could not fail to be a remainder of utter ennui, during those long winters when the rain fell day after day, and Dean Prior seemed quite shut away from the world. At such times, no wonder that he often felt an irrepressible longing to get back to London, and its life and cheerful stir. This very isolation was good for his work in poetry, nevertheless, as he confessed more than once in the same breath with which he began to grumble :—

"More discontents I never had
Since I was born, than here;
Where I have been and still am sad
In this dull Devonshire.
Yet justly too, I must confess
I ne'er invented such
Ennobled numbers for the press
Than where I loath'd so much."

Many of the poems which we consider to-day as most quintessentially Herrick's were the product of this quiet life, which was, in truth, happily arranged to make such an imagination as his fertile. The coming of spring, the full presence of summer, the passing autumn, scored the rustic year with an endless change of idyllic subjects : then came the long winter nights, with the solitary fireside to brood

over, until all should be turned to account in song. Now, indeed, he knew more and more the sadness of things, and began to moralise his flowers and maidens in verse, adding the sigh that ends with such infinite suggestion many of the lyrics of this time. Now, thinking often upon Julia, and those old years of passion, the memory grows too sorrowful, and he takes the last imagination of all for that superb nature, whose gracious beauty had driven him long ago through the poet's richest symbolism to express it.

Meanwhile a great scene-shifting had been going on at the centre of things. Charles I. had succeeded to James, and the moral sentiment of the nation had taken form and strength, stirred by the dangers of irresponsible monarchy, and had at last reached the point of revolution. With the victory of the Commonwealth came the ejection of the Royalist parsons from their livings, and Herrick had to submit with the rest. Unlike most of his fellows, however, he submitted with alacrity. The old, irrepressible love for London was still in him, and he returned to "Golden Cheapside," now so golden, alas, no longer! and to "beloved Westminster," with the eager-heartedness of a returned exile.

> "From the dull confines of the drooping west,
> To see the day spring from the fragrant east,
> Ravish'd in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly
> To thee, blest place of my nativity.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> O place! O people! manners! framed to please
> All nations, customs, kindreds, languages!
> I am a free-born Roman; suffer then
> That I amongst you live a citizen.

London my home is ; though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment ;
Yet since call'd back, henceforward let me be,
O native country, repossess'd by thee ! "

It was only under the stimulus of this impending recall that he set to work to put in order his poems for the press. It is significant that the pieces which were the latter outcome of his life as a country parson, and which form an appendix to the "Hesperides" proper, under the title of "Noble Numbers," were printed separately first of all ; for this part of the book has a separate title-page which is dated 1647. This goes to show that he had some thought first of all of appealing to the graver spirit of the time, following the example of George Herbert, some traces of whose influence are to be found in the later religious pieces.

With the publication of his book ends that part of his life which most concerns us, although it would be interesting to trace his doings in the years which he spent in London while the great struggle of the Commonwealth was going on. But we have little evidence to show what the course of his life hereafter was, and we can only conjecture how he spent these years, gravely absorbed as old age grew upon him in watching the process of social and political change, and noting sadly the loss of old friends and the disruption of old ties. For it is an utter mistake to think that he was apathetic in the later period at Dean Prior, while things grew darker all around. It is because people have usually read his book with an eye only to detached beauties, and with no seeing

of its coherency and of the intimate history of the life written in it, that the conception of Herrick as an irresponsible rhymester, concerned only with primroses and country damsels amid great national trouble, has arisen. The note of a profound apprehension of the dangers in which the country was being involved is heard throughout his later verse ; and if we only had any expression of his upon the course of affairs while the tragedy at Whitehall was being enacted, and the stern grasp of the Puritan tightened upon the careless arm of the Cavalier, there is no doubt it would be a profoundly sad one. Indeed, there is nothing more suggestive in the history of Herrick than the way in which he who set out with all the young poet's joyous impulse to pleasure, in its fullest heat and unrestraint, was led by the monitions of change and disaster to the graver reach of the imagination found in his later poems.

The only thing which serves to throw any light on Herrick's occupations during those years is the tradition lingering in Devonshire that he was the original compiler of "Poor Robin's Almanack," which was first published in 1661. After examining the almanack for some of the following years—the first one for 1661 not being in the possession of the British Museum—I am inclined to agree with Mr. Grosart that it bears traces of a hand very like Herrick's. In more than the detailed passages cited as proof, however, it seems to me to show this. The whole conception of the almanack is a humorous and ironical one ; it is really a travesty of the ordinary almanacks of that time, which were

filled with charms, and spells, and superstitions, and pretentious weather-lore. In "Poor Robin's Almanack" all these are ironically exaggerated to the point of absurdity, with often very comic effect. Indeed, the main idea of the Almanack is very much in the spirit of Herrick; and if he was its originator, it shows that he must have engaged to some extent in literary work during these later years in London.

At the Restoration Herrick returned to Dean Prior, after all feeling no doubt in the increase of years upon him and the desire of old age for quiet, the silence and solitude of the life there in a new and grateful way. So he lived on, to an age worthy of the long-lived race of which he came, dying at length in 1674 at the age of eighty-four. He was buried in the church at Dean Prior, where a memorial tablet has latterly been erected in his memory, but the exact position of the grave is unknown. And it is fittest that he should die and be buried in the quiet Devonshire hamlet from which he drew so much of his happiest inspiration, and which will always be associated now with the endless charm of the "Hesperides."

At last, in turning to the "Hesperides" as the perfect outcome of Herrick's life, the importance is felt of looking upon the book, not as a mere collection of exquisite verses, but as a presentation of the hidden history of its author's mind. Without this feeling for the book as a whole, the reader will miss much of its life and its inner spirit, and run the risk of even finding its graces pall in the end. So, here we have wished to show Herrick fairly as

he was, not disguising him, not hiding aught of his whole nature. For a poet is given to his day and generation, and to all time, by right of personality and faculty of expression; and as he was first given, he must, within the insuperable limits of excellence in his art, continue to us, by that law of integrity which cannot be set aside at will, as the world imagines, reasoning from false notions which have no part or lot in poetry. The ordering of the poems in this volume is intended to preserve this integrity of expression as far as possible, without attempting to formalise them unduly in any way, which is the main difference between our selection and the admirable one of Professor F. T. Palgrave. Here, then, as it is said by Mr. Horne, "it is possible to follow broadly the change from Herrick's early poems, with their supreme daintiness and touch of Elizabethan conceit, to his later work, with its almost classical severity, and feel the gradual growth of the delicate pathos increase by bitter degrees, until at length it breaks out into those piercing cries frequent enough among his later poems."

Herrick will always be remembered, in the last resort, because of the score or so of almost perfect lyrics which he has added to English poetry, which, indeed, are of the very heart of song; but his book will win its way now, too, let us hope, more and more, as a whole. With the informing charm of his individuality, there is the more obvious pastoral motive to give it unity. The invitation which Herrick offers in his first poem, "The Argument of His

Book," surely the most irresistible pastoral prologue ever written, is fulfilled to the last letter of its promise. Beside the familiar snatches of song on rustic subjects, Herrick provides us with a little scenery of his own for background, taken from Dean Prior, which gives a certain local habitation to the whole. His power of suggesting a great deal by a simple touch of description is remarkable, as in "A Thanksgiving to God for His House" and other of the poems descriptive of his life in Devonshire. However, it is not in these descriptive pieces but in the lyrics, pure and simple, whether they treat of things pastoral or not, that Herrick's peculiar charm most resides. Here his quality is often supreme; none of our English lyric poets has shown a more perfect sense of words and of their musical efficiency, none has united so exquisitely a classic sense of form to that impulsive tunefulness which we have come to consider as essentially English. In his earlier lyrics Herrick has perhaps more of this impulse, but it served him with the same youthful freshness to the last. At times it results in a strain like a snatch of pure folk-song, as in the inimitable lines "To be merry," in which Herrick took a striking phrase from one of the characters in Dekker's delightful comedy, "The Shoemaker's Holiday," which was performed in London during the days of his 'prenticeship in Cheapside, and turned it by the merest transposition of words into rhyme.

"Let's now take our time,
While we're in our prime,
And old, old age is afar off:

For the evil, evil days
Will come on apace
Before we can be aware of."

It is the way in which Herrick adds to and completes this natural lyrical impulse by the further grace of verse taught by the Latin verse-writers and their English disciples, that makes him so consummate an artist within his range. It is impossible, indeed, to read far in "Hesperides" without being reminded of the verse of others. In the notes will be found some account of Herrick's indebtedness to Catullus, Horace, Martial, and others, and the resemblances to Greene, Ben Jonson, and certain English poets are still more striking. Of all these Ben Jonson, however, was his chief master as we know by a hundred subtle traces of those "lyric feasts" of old, for much even of the manner of Jonson's verse is copied by Herrick, and one surmises that when at last he consciously set himself to shape his scattered verses into the book "Hesperides," he took for his pattern the "Underwoods," deriving further suggestions, too, from the "Epigrams" and "The Forest." But, in Herrick's poems, in even the most direct of his adaptations, it is found that he always invests them with the subtle flavour which gives his verse its distinction, as he claims in easing his conscience on this matter of plagiarism. "These," he says of his poems,—

"These are the children I have left,
Adopted some; none got by theft,
But all are toucht (like lawful plate),
And no verse illegitimate."

After resolving as much of the fine quality of the "Hesperides" into elements derived from other poets as we will, there still remains this individual note, which is unlike anything else in poetry. It is only needed to recall some of those well-known pieces given in almost every volume of verse selections, such as, "To Anthea," "To Daffodils," and so on, to feel this at once. There is magic in these lyrics, that indefinable quality, born of the spirit, which can alone avail in the end to make poetry live. This we feel most in some of the least elaborate pieces, as "To Meadows," which could not possibly have been written by anyone but Herrick—and which, once read, lingers in the ear with its sighing rhythm for ever. In this way, too, "The Mad Maid's Song" affects one inexpressibly with its pathetic fantasy, and simple, pitiful cadences.

"Good morrow to the day so fair;
Good morning, sir, to you.
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good morning to this primrose too;
Good morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah! woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack, and well-a-day!
For pity, sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away!"

"Good morrow to the day so fair!" Here, too, is magic, and this is as much as one dares to say

about so elusive a thing. This inimitable grace lurks in all Herrick's poems of ballad-form, as again in "The Cheat of Cupid," which shows one side of his exquisite art, as his stanzas of terse couplets, with the true Latin ring in them, shew the other. It is instructive to set over against the dainty narrative skill of "The Cheat of Cupid" such lines as those from the poem "Upon Julia's Recovery," in which Herrick works out the charming conception that the flowers have been suffering in sympathy with Julia during her illness :—

> "Droop, droop no more, or hang the head,
> Ye roses almost witherèd ;
> Now strength, and newer purple get,
> Each here declining violet.
> O primroses ! let this day be
> A resurrection unto ye."

Many of the other verses about Julia are equally perfect, as the exquisite quatrain, "Upon Julia's Voice," unsurpassed for expression :—

> "So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,
> As could they hear, the damned would make no noise,
> But listen to thee, walking in thy chamber,
> Melting melodious words to lutes of amber."

It is in such lines as these, and again in such as those two from the "Epitaph upon a Virgin,"—

> "Here a solemn fast we keep,
> While all beauty lies asleep,"

that Herrick's true distinction is shown, and that is a charm which has not manifested itself often in all

literature. Two such lines, indeed, seem to me worth reams of modern sonnet-writing! This simple grace of utterance is very deceptive; it appears so easy to attain to, so unlike the flowery and grandiose euphemisms of the nineteenth century verse-writer. But even the critics have been misled by this simplicity. In the notice of Herrick in Professor T. H. Ward's anthology of "The English Poets," Mr. Edmund Gosse, who has here and again in his "Seventeenth Century Studies" written appreciatively and at length upon Herrick's poetry, complains of his "verse-music" that it is often "excessively mundane;" and this, no doubt, reflects a common opinion. But in the end it will be found perhaps that simple songs like Herrick's, based upon the eternal law of the response of poetry to music and to the natural idioms of human speech, and perfected by great artistic patience and sense of proportion, will avail for ends of truth and beauty long after other more elaborate exercises in verse are forgotten. And if the younger writers who feel the impulse to expression in verse to-day would only take to heart something of Herrick's simplicity, something of his artistic sincerity, and something of his endless devotion to his art, there might be some hope at last of the forthcoming of that new poetry which at present we seem to be waiting for in vain.

In conclusion, beside the acknowledgment due to those mentioned in the foregoing pages, whose various labour on behalf of Herrick has here

been drawn upon, I have above all to express the infinite indebtedness of all who love Herrick to Miss Beatrice Horne, to whose devoted care in the editing of his poems any last excellence which this little volume may be found to have is due.

ERNEST RHYS.

THE EDITOR'S NOTE.

IT has been our endeavour to furnish a text which shall be at once, both in the selection and arrangement, not only critical, but suggestive. Any selection of worth must obviously be critical, but not so the arrangement of the selected pieces. In the present case we have attempted to place them, I was about to say in chronological order, but that would be an absurdity, since there are not above a dozen of Herrick's poems to which we can assign a date with any sureness. However, it is possible to follow broadly the change from Herrick's early poems with their supreme daintiness and touch of Elizabethan conceit to his later work with its almost classical severity, and feel the gradual growth of the delicate pathos increase by bitter degrees until at length it breaks out into those piercing cries frequent enough among his latest poems. This, it seems to us, is possible, and this we have striven to realise; though to effect even this much of the sequence must needs be wholly fanciful. But our excuse and assurance is, that though such an attempt should fail entirely as a piece of historical

criticism, it could scarcely be able to avoid being eminently suggestive; so suggestive, we hope, this little labour of ours will be found.

In the few instances where a date could be given with any certainty, we have done so, appending it to the poem, in brackets. The text has been collated throughout with the original edition of 1647-8: and whenever it has been possible, we have preserved Herrick's punctuation and spelling of obsolete words. Those of the notes which we have merely transcribed from the editions of Dr. Grosart and Mr. Palgrave, we have marked severally with a G or P; but any one conversant with their valuable annotations will see how largely we have elsewhere been indebted to them. The dictionaries of Bailey, Nares, and Skeat we have freely drawn upon: still we hope our notes will be found to contain some little that is new and worthy of attention.

Finally we have to acknowledge our indebtedness to Mr. A. J. Hipkins for kindly arranging one of Henry Lawes' songs for this edition; and to Mr. Selwyn Image for a long series of suggestions of the very highest value with regard to the selection of the poems.

HERBERT P. HORNE.

HESPERIDES.

HESPERIDES

POEMS BY ROBERT HERRICK.

The Argument of his Book.

I SING of brooks, of blossoms, birds, and bowers,
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers;
I sing of May-poles, hock-carts, wassails, wakes,
Of bridegrooms, brides, and of their bridal cakes.
I write of Youth, of Love, and have access
By these, to sing of cleanly wantonness;
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris;
I sing of times trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white;
I write of groves, of twilights, and I sing
The court of Mab, and of the Fairy King.
I write of Hell; I sing and ever shall,
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

To his Muse.

WHITHER, mad maiden, wilt thou roam?
Far safer 'twere to stay at home,
Where thou may'st sit, and piping please
The poor and private cottages,
Since cots and hamlets best agree
With this thy meaner minstrelsy.
There with the reed thou may'st express
The shepherd's fleecy happiness,
And with thy Eclogues intermix
Some smooth and harmless Bucolics.
There, on a hillock, thou mayst sing
Unto a handsome shepherdling,
Or to a girl that keeps the neat,
With breath more sweet than violet.
There, there, perhaps, such lines as these
May take the simple villages:
But for the court, the country wit
Is despicable unto it.
Stay then at home, and do not go,
Or fly abroad to seek for woe:
Contempts in courts and cities dwell;
No critic haunts the poor man's cell,
Where thou may'st hear thine own lines read,
By no one tongue there censurèd.
That man's unwise will search for ill,
And may prevent it sitting still.

When he would have his Verses read.

In sober mornings do not thou rehearse
The holy incantation of a verse;
But when that men have both well drunk and fed,
Let my enchantments then be sung or read.
When laurel spirts i' th' fire, and when the hearth
Smiles to itself and gilds the roof with mirth;
When up the thyrse is raised, and when the sound
Of sacred orgies flies, "a round, a round;"
When the rose reigns, and locks with ointments shine,
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine.

On his Book.

To read my book, the virgin shy
May blush while Brutus standeth by;
But when he's gone, read through what's writ,
And never stain a cheek for it.

Cherry-ripe.

CHERRY-ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones, come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow? I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile,
There's the land or cherry isle,
Whose plantations fully show
All the year, where cherries grow.

The Bag of the Bee.

ABOUT the sweet bag of a bee,
Two Cupids fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize should be,
They vowed to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stripped them,
And taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipped them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown she'd seen them,
She kissed, and wiped their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

Upon Julia's Recovery.

DROOP, droop no more, or hang the head,
Ye roses almost witherèd;
Now strength and newer purple get,
Each here declining violet:
O primroses! let this day be
A resurrection unto ye;
And to all flowers allied in blood,
Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood:
For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
Claret and cream commingled;
And those, her lips, do now appear
As beams of coral, but more clear.

The Scare-fire.

WATER, water, I desire,
Here's a house of flesh on fire;
Ope the fountains and the springs,
And come all to buckettings.
What ye cannot quench, pull down;
Spoil a house to save a town.
Better 'tis that one should fall
Than by one to hazard all.

To Violets.

WELCOME, maids of honour,
You do bring
In the spring,
And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
Fresh and fair;
Yet you are
More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies,
And so graced
To be placed
'Fore damask roses.

Yet though thus respected,
By-and-by
Ye do lie,
Poor girls, neglected.

The Vision to Electra.

I DREAMED we both were in a bed
Of roses, almost smotherèd;
The warmth and sweetness had me there
Made lovingly familiar,
But that I heard thy sweet breath say,
Faults done by night will blush by day.
I kissed thee, panting, and I call
Night to the record, that was all.
But, ah! if empty dreams so please,
Love, give me more such nights as these.

The Weeping Cherry.

I SAW a cherry weep, and why?
  Why wept it? But for shame;
Because my Julia's lip was by,
  And did out-red the same.
But, pretty fondling, let not fall
  A tear at all for that
Which rubies, corals, scarlets, all,
  For tincture, wonder at.

The Shower of Blossoms.

LOVE in a shower of blossoms came
Down, and half-drowned me with the same ;
The blooms that fell were white and red,
But with such sweets commingled,
As whether, this I cannot tell,
My sight was pleased more, or my smell :
But true it was, as I rolled there,
Without a thought of hurt or fear,
Love turned himself into a bee
And with his javelin wounded me,
From which mishap this use I make,
Where most sweets are, there lies a snake ;
Kisses and favours are sweet things,
But those have thorns and these have stings.

The Rock of Rubies, and the Quarry of Pearls.

SOME asked me where the rubies grew
  And nothing I did say;
But with my finger pointed to
  The lips of Julia.
Some asked how pearls did grow, and where
  Then spoke I to my girl
To part her lips and show me there
  The quarrelets of pearl.

How Lilies came White.

WHITE though ye be, yet, lilies, know
From the first ye were not so:
But I'll tell ye
What befell ye;
Cupid and his mother lay
In a cloud; while both did play,
He with his pretty finger pressed
The ruby niplet of her breast;
Out of the which the cream of light,
Like to a dew,
Fell down on you,
And made ye white.

The Parliament of Roses to Julia.

I DREAMT the roses one time went
To meet and sit in parliament;
The place for these, and for the rest
Of flowers, was thy spotless breast,
Over the which a state was drawn
Of tiffany, or cobweb lawn;
Then in that parley all those powers
Voted the Rose, the queen of flowers;
But so as that herself should be
The maid of honour unto thee.

His Request to Julia.

JULIA, if I chance to die
Ere I print my poetry,
I most humbly thee desire
To commit it to the fire:
Better 'twere my book were dead,
Than to live not perfected.

Upon Love, by way of Question and Answer.

I BRING ye love. *Ques.* What will love do?
Ans. Like and dislike ye.
I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do?
Ans. Stroke ye, to strike ye.
I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do?
Ans. Love will befool ye.
I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do?
Ans. Heat ye, to cool ye.
I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do?
Ans. Love gifts will send ye.
I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do?
Ans. Stock ye, to spend eye.
I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do?
Ans. Love will fulfill ye.
I bring ye love. *Ques.* What will love do?
Ans. Kiss ye, to kill ye.

On Julia's Breath.

BREATHE, Julia, breathe, and I'll protest,
Nay more, I'll deeply swear
That all the spices of the East
Are circumfusèd there.

A Lyric to Mirth.

WHILE the milder fates consent,
Let's enjoy our merriment;
Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play,
Kiss our dollies night and day;
Crowned with clusters of the vine,
Let us sit and quaff our wine;
Call on Bacchus, chant his praise,
Shake the thyrse and bite the bays;
Rouse Anacreon from the dead,
And return him drunk to bed;
Sing o'er Horace; for ere long
Death will come and mar the song:
Then shall Wilson and Gotiere
Never sing or play more here.

To Electra.

More white than whitest lilies far,
Or snow, or whitest swans you are:
More white than are the whitest creams,
Or moonlight tinselling the streams:
More white than pearls, or Juno's thigh,
Or Pelops' arm of ivory.
True, I confess, such whites as these
May me delight, not fully please;
Till, like Ixion's cloud, you be
White, warm, and soft, to lie with me.

I call and I call.

I CALL, I call. Who do ye call?
The maids to catch this cowslip ball:
But since these cowslips fading be,
Troth, leave the flowers, and maids take me.
Yet, if that neither you will do,
Speak but the word, and I'll take you.

Upon Julia's Voice.

So smooth, so sweet, so silv'ry is thy voice,
As, could they hear, the damned would make no noise,
But listen to thee, walking in thy chamber,
Melting melodious words to lutes of amber.

The Cheat of Cupid; or, the Ungentle Guest.

ONE silent night of late,
When every creature rested,
Came one unto my gate,
And knocking, me molested.

"Who's that," said I, "beats there,
And troubles thus the sleepy?"
"Cast off," said he, "all fear,
And let not locks thus keep ye.

"For I a boy am, who
By moonless nights have swervèd;
And all with show'rs wet through,
And e'en with cold half starvèd."

I pitiful arose,
And soon a taper lighted;
And did myself disclose
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow,
And wings too, which did shiver;
And looking down below,
I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine
  Brought him, as Love professes,
And chafed his hands with mine,
  And dried his dropping tresses.

But when he felt him warmed,
  "Let's try this bow of ours
And string, if they be harmed,"
  Said he, "with these late show'rs."

Forthwith his bow he bent,
  And wedded string and arrow,
And struck me that it went
  Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then laughing loud, he flew
  Away, and thus said flying,
"Adieu, mine host, adieu,
  I'll leave thy heart a-dying."

To a Maid.

You say you love me; that I thus must prove;
If that you lie, then I will swear you love.

How Pansies, or Heartsease, came first.

FROLIC virgins once these were,
Over-loving, living here :
Being here their ends denied,
Ran for sweethearts mad, and died.
Love, in pity of their tears,
And their loss in blooming years,
For their restless here-spent hours,
Gave them heart's-ease turned to flow'rs.

No Luck in Love.

I DO love I know not what ;
Sometimes this and sometimes that :
All conditions I aim at.

But, as luckless, I have yet
Many shrewd disasters met,
To gain her whom I would get.

Therefore, now I'll love no more,
As I've doted heretofore :
He who must be, shall be poor.

To Julia, in her Dawn or Daybreak.

By the next kindling of the day,
My Julia, thou shalt see,
Ere Ave-Mary thou canst say,
I'll come and visit thee.

Yet ere thou counsell'st with thy glass,
Appear thou to mine eyes
As smooth and nak'd as she that was
The prime of Paradise.

If blush thou must, then blush thou through
A lawn, that thou may'st look
As purest pearls or pebbles do
When peeping through a brook.

As lilies shrined in crystal, so
Do thou to me appear;
Or damask roses, when they grow
To sweet acquaintance there.

A Meditation for his Mistress.

You are a Tulip seen to-day,
But, dearest, of so short a stay,
That where you grew, scarce man can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,
Yet one rude wind, or ruffling shower,
Will force you hence, and in an hour.

You are a sparkling Rose i' th' bud,
Yet lost, ere that chaste flesh and blood
Can show where you or grew, or stood.

You are a full-spread, fair-set Vine,
And can with tendrils love entwine,
Yet dried, ere you distil your wine.

You are like Balm, inclosèd well
In amber, or some crystal shell,
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty Violet,
Yet withered, ere you can be set
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among,
But die you must, fair maid, ere long,
As he, the maker of this song.

To be Merry.

LET's now take our time,
While we're in our prime,
And old, old age is afar off:
For the evil, evil days
Will come on apace,
Before we can be aware of.

A Dialogue betwixt Himself and Mistress Elizabeth Wheeler, under the name of Amarillis.

MY dearest love, since thou wilt go,
And leave me here behind thee,
For love or pity, let me know
The place where I may find thee.

Amaril. In country meadows, pearled with dew
And set about with lilies,
There, filling maunds with cowslips, you
May find your Amarillis.

Her. What have the meads to do with thee,
Or with thy youthful hours?
Live thou at court, where thou may'st be
The queen of men, not flowers.

Let country wenches make 'em fine
With posies, since 'tis fitter
For thee with richest gems to shine,
And like the stars to glitter.

Amaril. You set too high a rate upon
A shepherdess so homely.
Her. Believe it, dearest, there's not one
I' th' court that's half so comely.

I prithee stay. *Amaril.* I must away :
Let's kiss first, then we'll sever.
Ambo. And though we bid adieu to-day,
We shall not part for ever.

What kind of Mistress he would have.

BE the mistress of my choice
Clean in manners, clear in voice:
Be she witty more than wise,
Pure enough, though not precise:
Be she showing in her dress
Like a civil wilderness,
That the curious may detect
Order in a sweet neglect:
Be she rolling in her eye,
Tempting all the passers-by,
And each ringlet of her hair
An enchantment or a snare,
For to catch the lookers-on,
But herself held fast by none:
Let her Lucrece all day be,
Thais in the night to me:
Be she such as neither will
Famish me nor over-fill.

Upon Julia's Hair filled with Dew.

DEW sat on Julia's hair,
And spangled too,
Like leaves that laden are
With trembling dew:
Or glittered to my sight
As when the beams
Have their reflected light
Danced by the streams.

Love, what it is.

LOVE is a circle, that doth restless move
In the same sweet eternity of love.

To Julia.

JULIA, when thy Herrick dies,
Close thou up thy poet's eyes:
And his last breath, let it be
Taken in by none but thee.

Upon Cupid.

LOVE like a gipsy, lately came,
And did me much importune
To see my hand, that by the same
He might foretell my fortune.

He saw my palm ; and then said he,
"I tell thee, by this score here,
That thou, within few months, shalt be
The youthful Prince D'Amour here."

I smiled, and bade him once more prove,
And by some cross-line show it,
That I could ne'er be Prince of Love,
Though here the Princely Poet.

A Vow to Venus.

HAPPILY I had a sight
Of my dearest dear last night;
Make her this day smile on me,
And I'll roses give to thee.

To Dianeme.

DEAR, though to part it be a hell,
Yet, Dianeme, now farewell:
Thy frown last night did bid me go,
But whither only grief does know.
I do beseech thee, ere we part
(If merciful as fair thou art,
Or else desir'st that maids should tell
Thy pity by Love's chronicle),
O Dianeme, rather kill
Me, than to make me languish still!
'Tis cruelty in thee to th' height
Thus, thus to wound, not kill outright:
Yet there's a way found, if thou please,
By sudden death, to give me ease;
And thus devised, do thou but this,
Bequeath to me one parting kiss:
So sup'rabundant joy shall be
The executioner of me.

Not to Love.

He that will not love, must be
My scholar, and learn this of me :
There be in love as many fears,
As the summer's corn has ears ;
Sighs, and sobs, and sorrows more
Than the sand that makes the shore ;
Freezing cold and fiery heats,
Fainting swoons and deadly sweats :
Now an ague, then a fever,
Both tormenting lovers ever.
Would'st thou know, besides all these,
How hard a woman 'tis to please ;
How cross, how sullen, and how soon
She shifts and changes like the moon.
How false, how hollow she's in heart,
And how she is her own least part ;
How high she's prized, and worth but small ;
Little thou't love, or not at all.

Upon Julia's Clothes.

WHENAS in silks my Julia goes,
Then, then, methinks, how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.
Next, when I cast mine eyes, and see
That brave vibration each way free ;
Oh, how that glittering taketh me !

A Bacchanalian Verse.

FILL me a mighty bowl
Up to the brim;
That I may drink
Unto my Jonson's soul.

Crown it again, again;
And thrice repeat
That happy heat,
To drink to thee, my Ben.

Well I can quaff, I see,
To th' number five,
Or nine, but thrive
In frenzy ne'er like thee.

Upon a Delaying Lady.

COME, come away,
Or let me go;
Must I here stay
Because you're slow,
And will continue so?
Troth, lady, no!

I scorn to be
A slave to state:
And since I'm free,
I will not wait
Henceforth at such a rate
For needy fate.

If you desire
My spark should glow,
The peeping fire
You must blow;
Or I shall quickly grow
To frost or snow.

To the Water Nymphs, Drinking at the Fountain.

REACH with your whiter hands to me
  Some crystal of the spring,
And I about the cup shall see
  Fresh lilies flourishing.

Or else, sweet nymphs, do you but this,
  To th' glass your lips incline ;
And I shall see by that one kiss
  The water turned to wine.

To Dianeme.

I COULD but see thee yesterday
  Stung by a fretful bee;
And I the javelin sucked away,
  And healed the wound in thee.

A thousand thorns, and briars, and stings,
  I have in my poor breast;
Yet ne'er can see that salve which brings
  My passions any rest.

As love shall help me, I admire
  How thou canst sit and smile
To see me bleed, and not desire
  To staunch the blood the while.

If thou, composed of gentle mould,
  Art so unkind to me,
What dismal stories will be told
  Of those that cruel be?

To Silvia.

PARDON my trespass, Silvia ; I confess
My kiss outwent the bounds of shamefacedness :
None is discreet at all times ; no, not Jove
Himself, at one time, can be wise and love.

Love Lightly Pleased.

LET fair or foul my mistress be,
Or low, or tall, she pleaseth me:
Or let her walk, or stand, or sit,
The posture hers, I'm pleased with it.
Or let her tongue be still, or stir,
Graceful is ev'rything from her:
Or let her grant, or else deny,
My love will fit each history.

Chop-cherry.

THOU gav'st me leave to kiss;
Thou gav'st me leave to woo;
Thou mad'st me think, by this
And that, thou lov'dst me too.

But I shall ne'er forget
How for to make thee merry,
Thou mad'st me chop, but yet
Another snapt the cherry.

To Bacchus. A Canticle.

WHITHER dost thou whurry me,
Bacchus, being full of thee?
This way, that way; that way, this,
Here and there a fresh love is;
That doth like me, this doth please:
Thus a thousand mistresses
I have now; yet I alone
Having all, enjoy not one.

No Fault in Women.

No fault in women to refuse
The offer which they most would choose:
No fault in women to confess
How tedious they are in their dress:
No fault in women to lay on
The tincture of vermilion,
And there to give the cheek a dye
Of white, where Nature doth deny.
No fault in women to make show
Of largeness, when they're nothing so;
When, true it is, the outside swells
With inward buckram, little else:
No fault in women though they be
But seldom from suspicion free:
No fault in womankind at all
If they but slip, and never fall.

An Hymn to the Muses.

HONOUR to you who sit
Near to the well of wit,
And drink your fill of it !

Glory and worship be
To you, sweet maids, thrice three,
Who still inspire me ;

And teach me how to sing
Unto the lyric string
My measures ravishing !

Then while I sing your praise,
My priesthood crown with bays,
Green to the end of days.

Mrs. Eliz. Wheeler, under the Name of the Lost Shepherdess.

AMONG the myrtles as I walked,
Love and my sighs thus intertalked :
"Tell me," said I, in deep distress,
"Where I may find my shepherdess?"
"Thou fool," said Love, "know'st thou not this,
In everything that's sweet she is?
In yond' carnation go and seek,
There thou shalt find her lip and cheek :
In that enamelled pansy by,
There thou shalt have her curious eye ;
In bloom of peach and rose's bud,
There waves the streamer of her blood."
"'Tis true," said I, and thereupon
I went to pluck them one by one,
To make of parts an union ;
But on a sudden all were gone :
At which I stopped. Said Love, "These be
The true resemblances of thee :
For as these flowers, thy joys must die,
And in the turning of an eye ;
And all thy hopes of her must wither,
Like those short sweets ere knit together."

Maids' Nays are Nothing.

MAIDS' nays are nothing; they are shv
But to desire what they deny.

The Wounded Cupid. Song.

CUPID, as he lay among
Roses, by a bee was stung:
Whereupon in anger flying
To his mother, said, thus crying,
"Help! O help! your boy's a-dying."
"And why, my pretty lad?" said she.
Then blubbering, replièd he,
"A winged snake has bitten me,
Which country people call a bee."
At which she smiled, then with her hairs
And kisses, drying up his tears,
"Alas!" said she, "my wag, if this
Such a pernicious torment is,
Come, tell me then how great's the smart
Of those thou woundest with thy dart!"

A Nuptial Song; or, Epithalamie on Sir Clipseby Crew and his Lady.

WHAT'S that we see from far? The spring of day
Bloomed from the east, or fair injewelled May
Blown out of April; or some new
Star filled with glory to our view,
Reaching at heaven.
To add a nobler planet to the seven?
Say, or do we not descry
Some goddess in a cloud of tiffany
To move, or rather the
Emergent Venus from the sea?

'Tis she! 'tis she! or else some more divine
Enlightened substance; mark how from the shrine
Of holy saints she paces on,
Treading upon vermilion
And amber; spice-
ing the chafed air with fumes of Paradise.
Then come on, come on, and yield
A savour like unto a blessed field,
When the bedabbled morn
Washes the golden ears of corn.

See where she comes, and smell how all the street
Breathes vineyards and pomegranates: O how sweet!

As a fired altar, is each stone,
Perspiring pounded cinnamon.
The phœnix nest,
Built up of odours, burneth in her breast.
Who therein would not consume
His soul to ash-heaps in that rich perfume?
Bestroking fate the while
He burns to embers on the pile.

Hymen, O Hymen! tread the sacred ground;
Show thy white feet, and head with marjoram crowned:
Mount up thy flames, and let thy torch
Display the bridegroom in the porch,
In his desires
More tow'ring, more disparkling than thy fires:
Show her how his eyes do turn
And roll about, and in their motions burn
Their balls to cinders: haste,
Or else to ashes he will waste.

Glide by the banks of virgins then, and pass
The showers of roses, lucky four-leaved grass:
The while the cloud of younglings sing,
And drown ye with a flowery spring:
While some repeat
Your praise, and bless you, sprinkling you with wheat:
While that others do divine,
"Blest is the bride, on whom the sun doth shine;"
And thousands gladly wish
You multiply, as doth a fish.

And beauteous bride, we do confess you're wise,
In dealing forth these bashful jealousies ;
In Love's name do so, and a price
Set on yourself, by being nice :
But yet take heed ;
What now you seem, be not the same indeed,
And turn apostate ; Love will
Part of the way be met, or sit stone-still.
On then, and though you slow-
ly go ; yet, howsoever, go.

And now you're entered ; see the coddled cook,
Runs from his torrid zone, to pry and look,
And bless his dainty mistress : see,
The aged point out, "This is she
Who now must sway
The house (love shield her) with her Yea and Nay :"
And the smirk butler thinks it
Sin, in's nap'ry, not to express his wit ;
Each striving to devise
Some gin, wherewith to catch your eyes.

To bed, to bed, kind Turtles, now, and write
This the short'st day, and this the longest night ;
But yet too short for you : 'tis we
Who count this night as long as three,
Lying alone,
Telling the clock strike ten, eleven, twelve, one.
Quickly, quickly, then prepare ;

And let the young men and the brides-maids share
Your garters ; and their joints
Encircle with the bridegroom's points.

By the bride's eyes, and by the teeming life
Of her green hopes, we charge ye, that no strife,
Farther than gentleness tends, gets place
Among ye, striving for her lace :
Oh, do not fall
Foul in these noble pastimes, lest ye call
Discord in, and so divide
The youthful bridegroom and the fragrant bride ;
Which love forefend ; but spoken
Be't to your praise, no peace was broken.

Strip her of spring-time, tender, whimpering maids,
Now autumn 's come when all those flow'ry aids
Of her delays must end ; dispose
That lady-smock, that pansy, and that rose
Neatly apart ;
But for prick-madam, and for gentle-heart,
And soft maiden's-blush, the bride
Makes holy these, all others lay aside :
Then strip her, or unto her
Let him come who dares undo her.

And to enchant ye more, see everywhere
About the roof a siren in a sphere,
As we think, singing to the din
Of many a warbling cherubin :
O mark ye how

The soul of Nature melts in numbers: now
See, a thousand Cupids fly,
To light their tapers at the bride's bright eye.
To bed, or her they'll tire,
Were she an element of fire.

And to your more bewitching, see, the proud
Plump bed bear up, and swelling like a cloud.
Tempting the two too modest; can
Ye see it brusle like a swan,
And you be cold
To meet it, when it woos and seems to fold
The arms to hug it? Throw, throw
Yourselves into the mighty over-flow
Of that white pride, and drown
The night, with you, in floods of down.

The bed is ready, and the maze of love
Looks for the treaders; everywhere is wove
Wit and new mystery; read, and
Put in practice, to understand
And know each wile,
Each hieroglyphic of a kiss or smile;
And do it to the full; reach
High in your own concept, and some way teach
Nature and Art one more
Play than they ever knew before.

If needs we must for ceremony's sake
Bless a sack-possit; luck go with it; take

The night-charm quickly; you have spells
And magics for to end, and hells
To pass, but such,
And of such torture, as no one would grutch
To live therein for ever. Fry
And consume, and grow again to die
And live, and in that case,
Love the confusion of the place.

But since it must be done, dispatch and sew
Up in a sheet your bride, and what if so
It be with rock, or walls of brass,
Ye tow'r her up as Danae was;
Think you that this,
Or hell itself a powerful bulwark is?
I tell ye no; but like a
Bold bolt of thunder he will make his way,
And rend the cloud and throw
The sheet about, like flakes of snow.

All now is hushed in silence; midwife-moon,
With all her owl-eyed issue, begs a boon
Which you must grant; that's entrance: with
Which extract all we can call pith
And quintessence
Of planetary bodies; so commence
All fair constellations
Looking upon ye, that those nations
Springing from two such fires,
May blaze the virtue of their sires.

[1625.]

To Dianeme.

SWEET, be not proud of those two eyes,
Which, star-like, sparkle in their skies :
Nor be you proud that you can see
All hearts your captives, yours yet free ;
Be you not proud of that rich hair,
Which wantons with the love-sick air :
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone,
When all your world of beauty's gone.

Not Every Day Fit for Verse.

'Tis not every day that I
Fitted am to prophesy:
No, but when the spirit fills
The fantastic pannicles,
Full of fire, then I write
As the Godhead doth indite.
Thus enraged, my lines are hurled.
Like the Sybil's, through the world.
Look how next the holy fire
Either slakes, or doth retire;
So the fancy cools, till when
That brave spirit comes again.

Upon Electra.

WHEN out of bed my love doth spring,
'Tis but as day a-kindling;
But when she's up and fully dressed,
'Tis then broad day throughout the East.

The Captive Bee; or, The Little Filcher.

As Julia once a-slumb'ring lay,
It chanced a bee did fly that way,
After a dew, or dew-like shower,
To tipple freely in a flower;
For some rich flower he took the lip
Of Julia, and began to sip;
But when he felt he sucked from thence
Honey, and in the quintessence,
He drank so much he scarce could stir,
So Julia took the pilferer;
And thus surprised, as filchers use,
He thus began himself t' excuse,
"Sweet Lady-flower, I never brought
Hither the least one thieving thought:
But taking those rare lips of yours
For some fresh, fragrant, luscious flowers,
I thought I might there take a taste,
Where so much sirup ran at waste.
Besides, know this, I never sting
The flower that gives me nourishing:
But with a kiss, or thanks, do pay
For honey that I bear away."
This said, he laid his little scrip
Of honey 'fore her ladyship,

And told her, as some tears did fall,
That that he took, and that was all.
At which she smiled, and bade him go
And take his bag; but thus much know,
When next he came a pilfering so,
He should from her full lips derive
Honey enough to fill his hive.

To Live Merrily, and .to Trust to Good Verses.

Now is the time for mirth,
  Nor cheek or tongue be dumb ;
For with the flow'ry earth,
  The golden pomp is come.

The golden pomp is come ;
  For now each tree does wear,
Made of her pap and gum,
  Rich beads of amber here.

Now reigns the Rose, and now
  Th' Arabian dew besmears
My uncontrolled brow,
  And my retorted hairs.

Homer, this health to thee,
  In sack of such a kind,
That it would make thee see,
  Though thou wert ne'er so blind.

Next, Virgil I'll call forth,
  To pledge this second health
In wine whose each cup's worth
  An Indian commonwealth.

A goblet next I'll drink
  To Ovid; and suppose
Made he the pledge, he'd think
  The world had all *one nose.*

Then this immensive cup
  Of aromatic wine,
Catullus, I quaff up
  To that terse muse of thine.

Wild I am now with heat;
  O Bacchus, cool thy rays!
Or frantic I shall eat
  Thy thyrse, and bite the bays.

Round, round, the roof does run;
  And being ravished thus,
Come, I will drink a tun
  To my Propertius.

Now to Tibullus next.
  This flood I drink to thee:
But stay, I see a text,
  That this presents to me.

Behold! Tibullus lies
  Here burnt, whose small return
Of ashes scarce suffice
  To fill a little urn.

Trust to good verses then ;
  They only will aspire,
When pyramids, as men,
  Are lost i' th' funeral fire,

And when all bodies meet
  In Lethe, to be drowned ;
Then only numbers sweet
  With endless life are crowned.

Upon Mistress Susanna Southwell Her Feet.

HER pretty feet
Like snails did creep
A little out, and then,
As if they playéd at bo-peep,
Did soon draw in again.

Julia's Petticoat.

THY azure robe I did behold
As airy as the leaves of gold,
Which erring here, and wand'ring there,
Pleased with transgression ev'rywhere;
Sometimes 'twould pant, and sigh, and heave,
As if to stir it scarce had leave;
But having got it, thereupon
'Twould make a brave expansion:
And pounced with stars, it showed to me
Like a celestial canopy.
Sometimes 'twould blaze, and then abate,
Like to a flame grown moderate:
Sometimes away 'twould wildly fling.
Then to thy thighs so closely cling
That some conceit did melt me down,
As lovers fall into a swoon,
And all confused, I there did lie
Drowned in delights, but could not die.
That leading cloud I followed still,
Hoping t' have seen of it my fill;
But ah! I could not; should it move
To life eternal, I could love.

To Music. A Song.

MUSIC, thou queen of heaven, care-charming spell,
That strik'st a stillness into hell :
Thou that tam'st tigers, and fierce storms that rise,
With thy soul-melting lullabies :
Fall down, down, down, from those thy chiming spheres,
To charm our souls, as thou enchant'st our ears.

To Anthea.

If, dear Anthea, my hard fate it be
To live some few sad hours after thee,
Thy sacred corpse with odours I will burn.
And with my laurel crown thy golden urn.
Then, holding up there such religious things
As were, time past, thy holy filletings,
Near to thy reverend pitcher I will fall
Down dead for grief, and end my woes withal:
So three in one small plat of ground shall lie,
Anthea, Herrick, and his poetry.

A Christmas Carol, sung to the King in the Presence at Whitehall.

Chor. WHAT sweeter music can we bring
Than a carol, for to sing
The birth of this our heavenly King?
Awake the voice! Awake the string!
Heart, ear, and eye, and every thing,
Awake, the while the active finger
Runs division with the singer.

From the Flourish they came to the Song.

1. Dark and dull night, fly hence away,
And give the honour to this day,
That sees December turned to May.

2. If we may ask the reason, say;
The why and wherefore all things here
Seem like the spring-time of the year?

3. Why does the chilling winter's morn
Smile like a field beset with corn;
Or smell like to a mead new-shorn,
Thus on the sudden? 4. Come and see
The cause why things thus fragrant be:
'Tis He is born, whose quick'ning birth
Gives life and lustre, public mirth,
To heaven and the under-earth.

Chor. We see Him come, and know Him ours,
Who, with His sunshine and His showers,
Turns all the patient ground to flowers.

1. The Darling of the world is come,
And fit it is we find a room
To welcome Him. 2. The nobler part
Of all the house here is the heart,—

Chor. Which we will give Him; and bequeath
This holly and this ivy wreath
To do Him honour, who's our King,
And Lord of all this revelling.

The musical part was composed by
Mr. Henry Lawes.

The New-Year's Gift, or Circumcision's Song.

Sung to the King in the Presence at Whitehall.

1. PREPARE for songs; He's come, He's come!
And be it sin here to be dumb,
And not with lutes to fill the room.

2. Cast holy water all about,
And have a care no fire goes out,
But cense the porch and place throughout.

3. The altars all on fire be;
The storax fries; and ye may see
How heart and hand do all agree
To make things sweet. *Chor.* Yet all less sweet
than He.

4. Bring Him along, most pious priest,
And tell us then, whenas thou see'st
His gently-gliding, dove-like eyes,
And hear'st His whimp'ring and His cries,
How canst thou this Babe circumcise?

5. Ye must not be more pitiful than wise:
For, now unless ye see Him bleed,
Which makes the bapti'm, 'tis decreed
The birth is fruitless. *Chor.* Then the work God speed.

1. Touch gently, gently touch; and here
Spring tulips up through all the year;
And from His sacred blood, here shed,
May roses grow, to crown His own dear head.

Chor. Back, back again; each thing is done
With zeal alike, as 'twas begun;
Now, singing, homeward let us carry
The Babe unto His mother Mary;
And when we have the Child commended
To her warm bosom, then our rites are ended.

Composed by Mr. Henry Lawes.

Upon Julia's Unlacing Herself.

TELL, if thou canst, and truly, whence doth come
This camphire, storax, spikenard, galbanum;
These musks, these ambers, and those other smells
Sweet as the vestry of the oracles.
I'll tell thee; while my Julia did unlace
Her silken bodice but a breathing space,
The passive air such odour then assumed,
As when to Jove great Juno goes perfumed,
Whose pure immortal body doth transmit
A scent that fills both heaven and earth with it.

To Electra.

I DARE not ask a kiss;
I dare not beg a smile;
Lest having that or this,
I might grow proud the while.

No, no, the utmost share
Of my desire shall be
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissed thee.

To Silvia.

I AM holy while I stand
Circum-crossed by thy pure hand:
But when that is gone, again
I, as others, am profane.

To Music, to becalm his Fever.

CHARM me asleep, and melt me so
With thy delicious numbers,
That being ravished, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers.
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou power that canst sever
From me this ill,
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill
My fever.

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire;
Then make me weep
My pains asleep,
And give me such reposes,
That I, poor I,
May think, thereby,
I live and die
'Mongst roses.

Fall on me like a silent dew.
Or like those maiden showers
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
A bapti'm o'er the flowers.
Melt, melt my pains,
With thy soft strains,
That having ease me given,
With full delight
I leave this light,
And take my flight
For Heaven.

The Dirge of Jephthah's Daughter: Sung by the Virgins.

O THOU, the wonder of all days!
O paragon, and pearl of praise!
O virgin-martyr, ever blest
Above the rest
Of all the maiden-train! We come,
And bring fresh strewings to thy tomb.

Thus, thus, and thus we compass round
Thy harmless and unhaunted ground;
And as we sing thy dirge, we will
The daffodil
And other flowers lay upon
The altar of our love, thy stone.

Thou wonder of all maids, li'st here,
Of daughters all the dearest dear;
The eye of virgins; nay, the queen
Of this smooth green,
And all sweet meads from whence we get
The primrose and the violet.

Too soon, too dear did Jephthah buy,
By thy sad loss, our liberty:
His was the bond and cov'nant, yet
Thou paid'st the debt,
Lamented Maid! He won the day,
But for the conquest thou didst pay.

Thy father brought with him along
The olive branch and victor's song :
He slew the Ammonites, we know,
But to thy woe ;
And in the purchase of our peace,
The cure was worse than the disease.

For which obedient zeal of thine
We offer here, before thy shrine,
Our sighs for storax, tears for wine ;
And to make fine
And fresh thy hearse-cloth, we will here
Four times bestrew thee ev'ry year.

Receive, for this thy praise, our tears :
Receive this offering of our hairs :
Receive these crystal vials, filled
With tears distilled
From teeming eyes ; to these we bring,
Each maid. her silver filleting,

To gild thy tomb ; besides, these cauls,
These laces, ribbons, and these falls,
These veils wherewith we use to hide
The bashful bride
When we conduct her to her groom :
All. all we lay upon thy tomb.

No more, no more, since thou art dead,
Shall we e'er bring coy brides to bed ;

No more, at yearly festivals,
We cowslip balls
Or chains of columbines shall make
For this or that occasion's sake.

No, no ; our maiden pleasures be
Wrapt in the winding-sheet with thee :
'Tis we are dead, though not 'i th' grave ;
Or if we have
One seed of life left, 'tis to keep
A Lent for thee, to fast and weep.

Sleep in thy peace, thy bed of spice,
And make this place all paradise :
May sweets grow here, and smoke from hence
Fat frankincense :
Let balm and cassia send their scent
From out thy maiden monument.

May no wolf howl, or screech-owl stir
A wing about thy sepulchre !
No boisterous winds or storms come hither,
To starve or wither
Thy soft sweet earth, but like a spring
Love keep it ever flourishing.

May all shy maids, at wonted hours,
Come forth to strew thy tomb with flowers :
May virgins, when they come to mourn,
Male-incense burn
Upon thine altar ! then return
And leave thee sleeping in thy urn.

Upon Himself.

THOU shalt not all die; for while Love's fire shines
Upon his altar, men shall read thy lines;
And learn'd musicians shall, to honour Herrick's
Fame and his name, both set, and sing his lyrics.

Matins; or, Morning Prayer.

WHEN with the virgin morning thou dost rise,
Crossing thyself, come thus to sacrifice:
First wash thy heart in innocence, then bring
Pure hands, pure habits, pure, pure everything.
Next to the altar humbly kneel, and thence
Give up thy soul in clouds of frankincense.
Thy golden censers, filled with odours sweet,
Shall make thy actions with their ends to meet.

To Julia.

How rich and pleasing thou, my Julia, art
In each thy dainty and peculiar part!
First, for thy Queenship, on thy head is set
Of flowers a sweet commingled coronet:
About thy neck a carcanet is bound,
Made of the ruby, pearl, and diamond:
A golden ring, that shines upon thy thumb;
About thy wrist the rich Dardanium:
Between thy breasts, than down of swans more white,
There plays the sapphire with the chrysolite.
No part besides must of thyself be known,
But by the topaz, opal, chalcedon.

The Kiss. A Dialogue.

1 AMONG thy fancies, tell me this,
What is the thing we call a kiss?
2. I shall resolve ye what it is.

It is a creature born and bred
Between the lips, all cherry-red,
By love and warm desires fed;
Chor. And makes more soft the bridal bed.

It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies;
Chor. And stills the bride too, when she cries.

Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks and flies, now here, now there,
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near;
Chor. And here, and there, and everywhere.

1. Has it a speaking virtue? 2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say? 2. Do you but this,
Part your joined lips, then speaks your kiss;
Chor. And this love's sweetest language is.

1 Has it a body? 2. Aye, and wings
With thousand rare encolourings:
And as it flies it gently sings,
Chor. 'Love honey yields, but never stings.'

Julia's Churching, or Purification.

PUT on thy holy filletings, and so
To th' temple with the sober midwife go:
Attended thus, in a most solemn wise,
By those who serve the childbed mysteries,
Burn first thine incense; next, whenas thou see'st
The candid stole thrown o'er the pious priest,
With reverent curtsies come, and to him bring
Thy free, and not decurted, offering.
All rites well ended, with fair auspice come,
As to the breaking of a bridecake, home:
Where ceremonious Hymen shall for thee
Provide a second epithalamy.
She who keeps chastely to her husband's side
Is not for one but every night his bride:
And stealing still with love, and fear to bed,
Brings him not one, but many a maidenhead.

The Star Song: a Carol to the King

Sung at Whitehall.

The flourish of music; then followed the song.

1. TELL us, thou clear and heavenly tongue,
Where is the Babe but lately sprung?
Lies He the lily-banks among?

2. Or say, if this new Birth of ours
Sleeps, laid within some ark of flowers,
Spangled with dew-light; thou canst clear
All doubts, and manifest the where.

3. Declare to us, bright star, if we shall seek
Him in the morning's blushing cheek,
Or search the bed of spices through
To find Him out?
Star. No, this ye need not do;
But only come and see Him rest,
A princely Babe, in 's Mother's breast.

Chor. He's seen! He's seen! Why then a round!
Let's kiss the sweet and holy ground;
And all rejoice that we have found
A King before conception crowned.

4. Come then, come then, and let us bring
Unto our pretty Twelfth-tide King
Each one his several offering ;

Chor. And when night comes we'll give Him
wassailing ;
And that His treble honours may be seen,
We'll choose Him King, and make his Mother Queen.

Delight in Disorder.

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distractïon;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbons to flow confusèdly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

Corinna's going a-Maying.

GET up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air :
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you not dressed,
Nay ! not so much as out of bed ;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns : 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair :
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you :
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.

Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:
Few beads are best, when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green, and trimmed with trees: see how
Devotion gives each house a bough
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white thorn neatly interwove,
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream:
And some have wept, and wooed and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:

Many a green gown has been given :
Many a kiss, both odd and even :
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament :
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks picked, yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun :
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again :
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade,
All love, all liking, all delight,
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

The Transfiguration.

IMMORTAL clothing I put on
So soon as, Julia, I am gone
To mine eternal mansïon.

Thou, thou art here, to human sight
Clothed all with incorrupted light,
But yet how more admir'dly bright

Wilt thou appear, when thou art set
In thy refulgent thronëlet.
That shin'st thus in thy counterfeit

Upon his Kinswoman, Mistress Bridget Herrick.

SWEET Bridget blushed. and therewithal,
Fresh blossoms from her cheeks did fall.
I thought at first 'twas but a dream,
Till after I had handled them,
And smelt them ; then they smelt to me
As blossoms of the almond tree.

The Bracelet to Julia.

WHY I tie about thy wrist,
Julia, this my silken twist;
For what other reason is't,
But to show thee how in part
Thou my pretty captive art?
But thy bond-slave is my heart.
'Tis but silk that bindeth thee,
Knap the thread and thou art free:
But 'tis otherwise with me;
I am bound, and fast bound so,
That from thee I cannot go;
If I could, I would not so.

To his Mistress objecting to Him neither Toying nor Talking.

You say I love not, 'cause I do not play
Still with your curls and kiss the time away.
You blame me, too, because I can't devise
Some sport, to please those babies in your eyes :
By Love's religion, I must here confess it,
The most I love when I the least express it.
Small griefs find tongues ; full casks are ever found
To give, if any, yet but little sound.
Deep waters noiseless are ; and this we know,
That chiding streams betray small depths below.
So when Love speechless is she doth express
A depth in love, and that depth bottomless.
Now since my love is tongueless, know me such,
Who speak but little, 'cause I love so much.

His Covenant or Protestation to Julia

WHY dost thou wound and break my heart,
As if we should for ever part?
Hast thou not heard an oath from me,
After a day or two, or three,
I would come back and live with thee?
Take, if thou dost distrust that vow,
This second protestation now:
Upon thy cheek that spangled tear
Which sits as dew of roses there,
That tear shall scarce be dried before
I'll kiss the threshold of thy door:
Then weep not, sweet, but thus much know,
I'm half returned before I go.

His Farewell to Sack.

FAREWELL, thou thing time past so known, so dear
To me, as blood to life and spirit; near,
Nay, thou more near than kindred, friend, man, wife,
Male to the female, soul to body, life
To quick action, or the warm soft side
Of the resigning, yet resisting bride,
The kiss of virgins, first fruits of the bed,
Soft speech, smooth touch, the lips, the maiden-head:
These, and a thousand sweets, could never be
So near or dear as thou wast once to me.
O, thou the drink of Gods and Angels! wine,
That scatter'st spirit and lust; whose purest shine,
More radiant than the summer's sunbeams shows,
Each way illustrious, brave; and like to those
Comets we see by night, whose shagged portents
Foretell the coming of some dire events;
Or some full flame, which with a pride aspires,
Throwing about his wild and active fires.
'Tis thou, 'bove nectar, O divinest soul!
Eternal in thyself, that canst control
That which subverts whole Nature, grief and care,
Vexation of the mind, and damned despair.
'Tis thou alone, who, with thy mystic fan,
Work'st more than wisdom, art, or Nature can,
To rouse the sacred madness, and awake
The frost-bound blood and spirits, and to make

Them frantic with thy raptures, flashing through
The soul like lightning, and as active too.
'Tis not Apollo can, or those thrice three
Castalian sisters sing, if wanting thee.
Horace, Anacreon, both had lost their fame,
Hadst thou not filled them with thy fire and flame,
Phœbean splendour! and thou, Thespian spring,
Of which sweet swans must drink before they sing
Their true-paced numbers and their holy lays,
Which makes them worthy cedar and the bays.
But why? why longer do I gaze upon
Thee with the eye of admiratïon?
Since I must leave thee, and enforced must say,
To all thy witching beauties, "Go. Away!"
But if thy whimp'ring looks do ask me why?
Then know that Nature bids thee go, not I.
'Tis her erroneous self has made a brain
Uncapable of such a sovereign,
As is thy powerful self. Prithee not smile,
Or smile more inly, lest thy looks beguile
My vows denounced in zeal, which thus much show thee
That I have sworn but by thy looks to know thee.
Let others drink thee freely, and desire
Thee and their lips espoused, while I admire
And love thee, but not taste thee. Let my muse
Fail of thy former helps, and only use
Her inadult'rate strength; what's done by me
Hereafter shall smell of the lamp, not thee.
[1629.]

Upon the Loss of his Mistresses.

I HAVE lost, and lately, these
Many dainty mistresses:
Stately Julia, prime of all;
Sappho next, a principal;
Smooth Anthea, for a skin
White and heaven-like crystalline;
Sweet Electra, and the choice
Myrrha, for the lute and voice.
Next, Corinna, for her wit,
And the graceful use of it;
With Perilla: all are gone,
Only Herrick's left alone,
For to number sorrow by
Their departures hence, and die.

The Departure of the Good Demon.

WHAT can I do in poetry,
Now the good spirit's gone from me?
Why nothing now, but lonely sit,
And over-read what I have writ.

The Bleeding Hand: or, the Sprig of Eglantine Given to a Maid.

FROM this bleeding hand of mine,
Take this sprig of Eglantine,
Which, though sweet unto your smell,
Yet the fretful briar will tell,
He who plucks the sweets shall prove
Many thorns to be in love.

To Primroses filled with Morning Dew.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teemed her refreshing dew?
Alas, you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind,
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warped, as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep.
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet,

Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this?
No, no, this sorrow shown
By your tears shed
Would have this lecture read,
That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

To Robin Redbreast.

LAID out for dead, let thy last kindness be
With leaves and moss-work for to cover me ;
And while the wood-nymphs my cold corpse inter,
Sing thou my dirge, sweet-warbling chorister !
For epitaph, in foliage, next write this :
Here, here the tomb of Robin Herrick is.

Upon a Lady that Died in Childbed, and left a Daughter behind her.

As gillyflowers do but stay
To blow, and seed, and so away ;
So you, sweet lady, sweet as May,
The garden's glory, lived a while,
To lend the world your scent and smile :
But when your own fair print was set
Once in a virgin flosculet,
Sweet as yourself, and newly blown,
To give that life, resigned your own ;
But so, as still the mother's power
Lives in the pretty lady-flower.

The Widows' Tears; or, Dirge of Dorcas.

COME, pity us, all ye who see
Our harps hung on the willow-tree:
Come pity us, ye passers-by,
Who see or hear poor widows cry:
Come pity us, and bring your ears
And eyes to pity widows' tears.
Chor. And when you are come hither,
Then we will keep
A fast, and weep
Our eyes out all together.

For Tabitha; who dead lies here,
Clean washed, and laid out for the bier.
O modest matrons, weep and wail!
For the corn and wine must fail,
The basket and the bin of bread,
Wherewith so many souls were fed,
Chor. Stand empty here for ever;
And ah! the poor
At thy worn door
Shall be relievèd never.

Woe worth the time, woe worth the day,
That reaved us of thee, Tabitha,
For we have lost with thee the meal,
The bits, the morsels, and the deal

Of gentle paste and yielding dough,
That thou on widows did bestow.
Chor. All's gone, and death hath taken
Away from us
Our maundy; thus
Thy widows stand forsaken.

Ah, Dorcas, Dorcas! now adieu
We bid the cruse and pannier too;
Aye, and the flesh, for and the fish,
Doled to us in that lordly dish.
We take our leaves now of the loom
From whence the housewives' cloth did come:
Chor. The web affords now nothing;
Thou being dead,
The worsted thread
Is cut that made us clothing.

Farewell the flax and reaming wool,
With which thy house was plentiful.
Farewell the coats, the garments, and
The sheets, the rugs, made by thy hand.
Farewell thy fire and thy light,
That ne'er went out by day or night.
Chor. No, or thy zeal so speedy,
That found a way,
By peep of day,
To feed and clothe the needy.

But ah, alas ! the almond bough,
And olive branch is withered now ;
The wine-press now is ta'en from us,
The saffron and the calamus ;
The spice and spikenard hence is gone,
The storax and the cinnamon ;
Chor. The carol of our gladness
Has taken wing,
And our late spring
Of mirth is turned to sadness.

How wise wast thou in all thy ways !
How worthy of respect and praise !
How matron-like didst thou go dressed !
How soberly above the rest
Of those that prank it with their plumes,
And jet it with their choice perfumes.
Chor. Thy vestures were not flowing,
Nor did the street
Accuse thy feet
Of mincing in their going.

And though thou here li'st dead, we see
A deal of beauty yet in thee.
How sweetly shows thy smiling face,
Thy lips with all diffusèd grace !
Thy hands, though cold, yet spotless, white,
And comely as the chrysolite.

Chor. Thy belly like a hill is,
Or as a neat
Clean heap of wheat,
All set about with lilies.

Sleep with thy beauties here, while we
Will show these garments made by thee;
These were the coats, in these are read
The monuments of Dorcas dead:
These were thy acts, and thou shalt have
These hung as honours o'er thy grave,
Chor. And after us, distressèd,
Should fame be dumb,
Thy very tomb
Would cry out, "Thou art blessèd."

An Ode of the Birth of Our Saviour.

In numbers, and but these few,
I sing thy birth, O Jesu!
Thou pretty Baby, born here
With sup'rabundant scorn here,
Who for thy princely port here,
Hadst for thy place
Of birth a base
Out-stable for thy court here.

Instead of neat enclosures
Of interwoven osiers,
Instead of fragrant posies
Of daffodils and roses,
Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,
As Gospel tells,
Was nothing else
But here a homely manger.

But we with silks, not crewels,
With sundry precious jewels,
And lily-work, will dress thee;
And as we dispossess thee
Of clouts, we'll make a chamber,
Sweet Babe, for thee
Of ivory,
And plastered round with amber.

The Jews they did disdain thee,
But we will entertain thee
With glories to await here
Upon thy princely state here,
And more for love than pity,
From year to year
We'll make thee here
A freeborn of our city.

His Sailing from Julia.

WHEN that day comes, whose evening says I'm gone
Unto that wat'ry desolatïon,
Devoutly to thy closet gods then pray,
That my winged ship may meet no Remora.
Those deities which circum-walk the seas,
And look upon our dreadful passages,
Will from all dangers re-deliver me
For one drink-offering pourèd out by thee.
Mercy and Truth live with thee ! and forbear,
In my short absence, to unsluice a tear :
But yet, for Love's sake, let thy lips do this,
Give my dead picture one engend'ring kiss ;
Work that to life, and let me ever dwell
In thy remembrance, Julia. So farewell.

The Primrose.

Ask me why I send you here
This sweet Infanta of the year?
Ask me why I send to you
This Primrose, thus bepearled with dew?
I will whisper to your ears,
The sweets of love are mixed with tears.

Ask me why this flower does show
So yellow-green, and sickly too?
Ask me why the stalk is weak,
And bending, yet it doth not break?
I will answer, these discover
What fainting hopes are in a lover.

Upon a Child that Died.

HERE she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood;
Who, as soon fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings; but not stir
The earth, that lightly covers her.

His Tears to Thamesis.

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss,
To thee, my silver-footed Thamesis.
No more shall I reiterate thy strand,
Whereon so many stately structures stand,
Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go
To bathe in thee, as thousand others do:
No more shall I along thy crystal glide
In barge, with boughs and rushes beautified,
With soft, smooth virgins for our chaste disport,
To Richmond, Kingston, and to Hampton Court:
Never again shall I with finny oar
Put from or draw unto the faithful shore;
And landing here, or safely landing there,
Make way to my belovèd Westminster,
Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.
May all clean nymphs and curious water dames
With swan-like state, float up and down thy streams:
No drought upon thy wanton waters fall,
To make them lean and languishing at all:
No ruffling winds come hither to disease
Thy pure and silver-wristed Naiades.
Keep up your state, ye streams, and as ye spring,
Never make sick your banks by surfeiting.
Grow young with tides, and though I see ye never,
Receive this vow; so fare ye well for ever.

The Wake.

COME, Anthea, let us two
Go to feast, as others do.
Tarts and custards, creams and cakes,
Are the junkets still at wakes;
Unto which the tribes resort,
Where the business is the sport.
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,
Marian, too, in pageantry;
And a mimic to devise
Many grinning properties.
Players there will be, and those
Base in action as in clothes;
Yet with strutting they will please
The incurious villages.
Near the dying of the day
There will be a cudgel-play,
Where a coxcomb will be broke,
Ere a good word can be spoke:
But the anger ends all here,
Drenched in ale or drowned in beer
Happy rustics, best content
With the cheapest merriment,
And possess no other fear
Than to want the wake next year.

Parcel-gilt Poetry.

LET's strive to be the best ; the gods, we know it,
Pillars and men, hate an indifferent poet.

To Daffodils.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die
As your hours do, and dry
Away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

An Ode to Sir Clipseby Crew.

HERE we securely live, and eat
The cream of meat;
And keep eternal fires,
By which we sit, and do divine
As wine
And rage inspires.

If full, we charm; then call upon
Anacreon
To grace the frantic thyrse:
And having drunk, we raise a shout
Throughout,
To praise his verse.

Then cause we Horace to be read,
Which sung or said,
A goblet, to the brim,
Of lyric wine, both swelled and crowned,
A round
We quaff to him.

Thus, thus we live, and spend the hours
In wine and flowers;
And make the frolic year,
The month, the week, the instant day,
To stay
The longer here.

Come then, brave Knight, and see the cell
Wherein I dwell,
And my enchantments too,
Which love and noble freedom is,
And this
Shall fetter you.

Take horse, and come; or be so kind
To send your mind,
Though but in numbers few,
And I shall think I have the heart,
Or part,
Of Clipseby Crew.

Upon a Maid.

GONE she is a long, long way,
But she has decreed a day
Back to come, and make no stay :
So we keep till her return
Here, her ashes, or her urn.

To his Saviour, a Child ; a Present, by a Child.

Go, pretty child, and bear this flower
Unto thy little Saviour ;
And tell him, by that bud now blown,
He is the Rose of Sharon known.
When thou hast said so, stick it there
Upon his bib or stomacher ;
And tell him, for good handsel too,
That thou hast brought a whistle new,
Made of a clean strait oaten reed,
To charm his cries at time of need.
Tell him, for coral thou hast none,
But if thou hadst, he should have one ;
But poor thou art, and known to be
Even as moneyless as he.
Lastly, if thou canst win a kiss
From those mellifluous lips of his ;
Then never take a second on,
To spoil the first impression.

Soft Music.

THE mellow touch of music most doth wound
The soul, when it doth rather sigh than sound.

A Grace for a Child.

HERE a little child I stand,
Heaving up my either hand;
Cold as paddocks though they be,
Here I lift them up to Thee,
For a benison to fall
On our meat, and on us all. Amen.

The Apron of Flowers.

To gather flowers Sappho went,
  And homeward she did bring
Within her lawny continent,
  The treasure of the spring.

She smiling blushed, and blushing smiled,
  And sweetly blushing thus,
She looked as she'd been got with child
  By young Favonius.

Her apron gave, as she did pass,
  An odour more divine,
More pleasing, too, than ever was
  The lap of Proserpine.

The Tithe. To the Bride.

If nine times you your bridegroom kiss,
The tenth you know the parson's is.
Pay then your tithe; and doing thus,
Prove in your bride-bed numerous.
If children you have ten, Sir John
Won't for his tenth part ask you one.

The Country Life, to the Honoured Mr. Endymion Porter, Groom of the Bed-chamber to His Majesty.

SWEET country life, to such unknown
Whose lives are others', not their own!
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plough'st the ocean's foam
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the Eastern Ind dost rove
To bring from thence the scorchèd clove;
Nor, with the loss of thy loved rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the West.
No, thy ambition's masterpiece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds, and clear
All scores, and so to end the year:
But walk'st about thine own dear bounds,
Not envying others' larger grounds,
For well thou know'st, 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
Calls forth the lily-wristed morn,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which, though well soiled, yet thou dost know

That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.
There at the plough thou find'st thy team
With a hind whistling there to them,
And cheer'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to th' enamelled meads
Thou go'st: and as thy foot there treads,
Thou seest a present Godlike power
Imprinted in each herb and flower,
And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large sleek neat
Unto the dewlaps up in meat;
And as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox,
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass as backs with wool;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on a hill.
For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holidays,
On which the young men and maids meet
To exercise their dancing feet,
Tripping the comely country round,
With daffodils and daisies crowned.
Thy wakes, thy quintals, here thou hast,

Thy Maypoles too with garlands graced ;
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun-ale,
Thy shearing-feast, which never fail ;
Thy harvest home, thy wassail bowl,
That's tossed up after fox i' th' hole ;
Thy mummeries, thy Twelfthtide kings
And queens, thy Christmas revellings ;
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
And no man pays too dear for it.
To these thou hast thy times to go
And trace the hare i' th' treacherous snow :
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net :
Thou hast thy cockrood and thy glade
To take the precious pheasant made ;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls then,
To catch the pilf'ring birds, not men.
O happy life ! if that their good
The husbandmen but understood,
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these,
And, lying down, have nought t' affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Cætera desunt——

A Ternary of Littles, upon a Pipkin of Jelly sent to a Lady.

A LITTLE saint best fits a little shrine,
A little prop best fits a little vine;
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,
A little trade best fits a little toil;
As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head;
As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
A little chapel fits a little choir;
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little stream best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float;
As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly,
As sweetly, lady, give me leave to tell ye,
This little pipkin fits this little jelly.

His Prayer to Ben Jonson.

When I a verse shall make,
  Know I have prayed thee,
For old religion's sake,
  Saint Ben, to aid me.

Make the way smooth for me,
  When I, thy Herrick,
Honouring thee, on my knee
  Offer my Lyric.

Candles I'll give to thee,
  And a new altar;
And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be
  Writ in my psalter.

To Daisies, not to Shut so Soon.

SHUT not so soon; the dull-eyed night
Has not as yet begun
To make a seizure on the light,
Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closèd are;
No shadows great appear;
Nor doth the early shepherd's star
Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close
Her life-begetting eye;
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live or die.

To the Maids to Walk Abroad.

COME, sit we under yonder tree,
Where merry as the maids we'll be;
And as on primroses we sit,
We'll venture, if we can, at wit;
If not, at draw-gloves we will play,
So spend some minutes of the day;
Or else spin out the thread of sands,
Playing at questions and commands,
Or tell what strange tricks love can do,
By quickly making one of two.
Thus we will sit and talk, but tell
No cruel truths of Philomel,
Or Phyllis, whom hard fate forced on
To kill herself for Demophon.
But fables we'll relate, how Jove
Put on all shapes to get a love,
As now a satyr, then a swan,
A bull but then, and now a man.
Next, we will act how young men woo,
And sigh and kiss as lovers do;
And talk of brides, and who shall make
That wedding-smock, this bridal cake,
That dress, this sprig, that leaf, this vine,
That smooth and silken columbine.
This done, we'll draw lots who shall buy
And gild the bays and rosemary;

What posies for our wedding rings,
What gloves we'll give, and ribbonings;
And smiling at ourselves, decree
Who then the joining priest shall be:
What short sweet prayers shall be said,
And how the posset shall be made
With cream of lilies, not of kine,
And maiden's-blush for spicèd wine.
Thus having talked, we'll next commend
A kiss to each, and so we'll end.

To Anthea, who may Command him Anything.

BID me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be :
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree :
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
While I have eyes to see :
And having none, yet will I keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,
Under that cypress tree :
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me;
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

Upon Julia, Weeping.

SHE by the river sat, and sitting there,
She wept, and made it deeper by a tear.

The Fairies.

If ye will with Mab find grace,
Set each platter in his place;
Rake the fire up, and get
Water in, ere sun be set.
Wash your pails and cleanse your dairies,
Sluts are loathsome to the fairies:
Sweep your house; who doth not so,
Mab will pinch her by the toe.

Upon a Child.

HERE a pretty baby lies
Sung asleep with lullabies:
Pray be silent, and not stir
Th' easy earth that covers her.

Upon a Maid.

HERE she lies, in bed of spice,
Fair as Eve in Paradise:
For her beauty it was such,
Poets could not praise too much.
Virgins come, and in a ring
Her supremest requiem sing;
Then depart, but see ye tread
Lightly, lightly o'er the dead.

The Mad Maid's Song.

Good morrow to the day so fair;
Good morning, sir, to you;
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
Bedabbled with the dew.

Good morning to this primrose too;
Good morrow to each maid
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew
Wherein my love is laid.

Ah! woe is me, woe, woe is me,
Alack, and well-a-day!
For pity, sir, find out that bee
Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave;
I'll seek him in your eyes;
Nay, now I think they've made his grave
I'th' bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there; I know, ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
But I will go, or send a kiss
By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not ; though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him ;
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender, pray take heed,
With bands of cowslips bind him,
And bring him home ; but 'tis decreed,
That I shall never find him.

To his Book.

MAKE haste away, and let one be
A friendly patron unto thee;
Lest wrapped from hence, I see thee lie
Torn for the use of pastery;
Or see thy injured leaves serve well
To make loose gowns for mackerel;
Or see the grocers, in a trice,
Make hoods of thee to serve out spice.

The Fair Temple: or, Oberon's Chapel.

Dedicated to Mr. John Merrifield, Counsellor-at-Law.

RARE temples thou hast seen, I know
And rich for in and outward show :
Survey this chapel, built, alone,
Without or lime, or wood, or stone,
Then say, if one thou'st seen more fine
Than this, the fairies' once, now thine.

The Temple.

A WAY enchased with glass and beads
There is, that to the chapel leads,
Whose structure, for his holy rest,
Is here the Halcyon's curious nest :
Into the which who looks, shall see
His temple of idolatry,
Where he of godheads has such store,
As Rome's Pantheon had not more.
His house of Rimmon this he calls,
Girt with small bones, instead of walls.
First, in a niche, more black than jet,
His idol-cricket there is set ;
Then in a polished oval by,
There stands his idol-beetle-fly :
Next, in an arch, akin to this,
His idol-canker seated is :
Then in a round, is placed by these
His golden god, Cantharides.
So that where'er ye look, ye see
No capital, no cornice free,
Or frieze, from this fine frippery.
Now, this the fairies would have known,
Theirs is a mixed religion :
And some have heard the elves it call
Part Pagan, part Papistical.
If unto me all tongues were granted,

I could not speak the saints here painted.
Saint Tit, Saint Nit, Saint Is, Saint Itis,
Who 'gainst Mab's state placed here right is.
Saint Will o' th' Wisp, of no great bigness,
But alias called here *fatuus ignis*.
Saint Frip, Saint Trip, Saint Fill, Saint Fillie,
Neither those other saintships will I
Here go about for to recite
Their number, almost infinite,
Which, one by one, here set down are
In this most curious calendar.
First, at the entrance of the gate,
A little puppet-priest doth wait,
Who squeaks to all the comers there,
"Favour your tongues, who enter here.
Pure hands bring hither, without stain."
A second pules, "Hence, hence, profane."
Hard by, i' th' shell of half a nut,
The holy-water there is put;
A little brush of squirrels' hairs,
Composed of odd, not even pairs,
Stands in the platter or close by,
To purge the fairy family.
Near to the altar stands the priest,
There off'ring up the Holy Grist;
Ducking in mood and perfect tense,
With (much good do't him) reverence.
The altar is not here four-square,
Nor in a form triangular;
Nor made of glass, or wood, or stone,

But of a little transverse bone
Which boys and bruckelled children call
(Playing for points and pins) cockall.
Whose linen drapery is a thin,
Subtile, and ductile codlin's skin:
Which o'er the board is smoothly spread
With little seal-work damaskèd.
The fringe that circumbinds it, too,
Is spangle-work of trembling dew,
Which, gently gleaming, makes a show,
Like frost-work glitt'ring on the snow.
Upon this fetuous board doth stand
Something for shew-bread, and at hand
(Just in the middle of the altar)
Upon an end, the Fairy-psalter,
Graced with the trout-fly's curious wings,
Which serve for watchet ribbonings.
Now, we must know, the elves are led
Right by the Rubric, which they read:
And if report of them be true,
They have their text for what they do,
Ay, and their book of canons too.
And, as Sir Thomas Parson tells,
They have their book of Articles:
And if that Fairy knight not lies,
They have their Book of Homilies;
And other Scriptures, that design
A short, but righteous discipline.
The basin stands the board upon
To take the Free Oblatïon,

A little pin-dust, which they hold
More precious than we prize our gold ;
Which charity they give to many
Poor of the parish, if there's any.
Upon the ends of these neat rails,
Hatched with the silver-light of snails,
The elves, in formal manner, fix
Two pure and holy candlesticks,
In either which a small tall bent
Burns for the altar's ornament.
For sanctity, they have, to these,
Their curious copes and surplices
Of cleanest cobweb, hanging by
In their religious vestery.
They have their ash-pans and their brooms,
To purge the chapel and the rooms :
Their many mumbling mass-priests here,
And many a dapper chorister.
Their ushering vergers, here likewise,
Their canons and their chanteries :
Of cloister-monks they have enow,
Ay, and their abbey-lubbers too.
And if their legend do not lie,
They much affect the Papacy ;
And since the last is dead, there's hope
Elve Boniface shall next be Pope.
They have their cups and chalices,
Their pardons and indulgences ;
Their beads of nuts, bells, books, and wax
Candles, forsooth, and other knacks ;

Their holy oil, their fasting spittle,
Their sacred salt here, not a little.
Dry chips, old shoes, rags, grease, and bones,
Beside their fumigatïons,
To drive the devil from the cod-piece
Of the friar, of work an odd piece,
Many a trifle, too, and trinket,
And for what use, scarce man would think it.
Next then, upon the chanters' side
An apple's-core is hung up dried,
With rattling kernels, which is rung
To call to morn and even-song.
The saint, to which the most he prays
And offers incense nights and days,
The lady of the lobster is,
Whose foot-pace he doth stroke and kiss,
And humbly chives of saffron brings,
For his most cheerful offerings.
When, after these, he's paid his vows,
He lowly to the altar bows:
And then he dons the silkworm's shed,
Like a Turk's turban on his head,
And reverently departeth thence,
Hid in a cloud of frankincense;
And by the glow-worm's light well guided,
Goes to the feast that's now provided.

Oberon's Feast.

"SHAPCOT! to thee the fairy state
I with discretion dedicate;
Because thou prizest things that are
Curious and unfamiliar.
Take first the feast; these dishes gone.
We'll see the fairy-court anon."

A little mushroom-table spread,
After short prayers they set on bread,
A moon-parched grain of purest wheat,
With some small glitt'ring grit, to eat
His choice bits with; then in a trice
They make a feast less great than nice.
But all this while his eye is served,
We must not think his ear was starved;
But that there was in place to stir
His spleen, the chirring grasshopper,
The merry cricket, puling fly,
The piping gnat for minstrelsy.
And now, we must imagine first,
The elves present, to quench his thirst,
A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,
Brought and besweetened in a blue
And pregnant violet; which done,
His kitling eyes begin to run

Quite through the table, where he spies
The horns of papery butterflies,
Of which he eats ; and tastes a little
Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle.
A little fuz-ball pudding stands
By, yet not blessed by his hands,
That was too coarse ; but then forthwith
He ventures boldly on the pith
Of sugared rush, and eats the sagg
And well bestrutted bee's sweet bag ;
Gladding his palate with some store
Of emmets' eggs ; what would he more,
But beards of mice, a newt's stewed thigh,
A bloated earwig, and a fly ;
With the red-capped worm, that's shut
Within the concave of a nut,
Brown as his tooth. A little moth,
Late fattened in a piece of cloth ;
With withered cherries, mandrake's ears.
Mole's eyes ; to these the slain stag's tears ;
The unctuous dewlaps of a snail,
The broke-heart of a nightingale
O'ercome in music ; with a wine
Ne'er ravished from the flattering vine,
But gently pressed from the soft side
Of the most sweet and dainty bride,
Brought in a dainty daisy, which
He fully quaffs up to bewitch
His blood to height ; this done, commended
Grace by his priest ; the feast is ended.

The Beggar to Mab, the Fairy Queen.

PLEASE, your grace, from out your store
Give an alms to one that's poor,
That your mickle may have more.
Black I'm grown for want of meat;
Give me then an ant to eat,
Or the cleft ear of a mouse
Over-soured in drink of souce;
Or, sweet lady, reach to me
The abdomen of a bee;
Or commend a cricket's hip,
Or his huckson, to my scrip.
Give for bread a little bit
Of a pease that 'gins to chit,
And my full thanks take for it.
Flour of fuz-balls, that's too good
For a man in needy-hood:
But the meal of mill-dust can
Well content a craving man;
Any orts the elves refuse
Well will serve the beggar's use.
But if this may seem too much
For an alms, then give me such
Little bits that nestle there
In the pris'ner's pannier.
So a blessing light upon
You and mighty Oberon:
That your plenty last till when
I return your alms again.

Oberon's Palace.

"AFTER the feast, my Shapcot, see
The Fairy Court I give to thee;
Where we'll present our Oberon led
Half tipsy to the Fairy bed,
Where Mab he finds, who there doth lie
Not without mickle majesty.
Which done, and thence removed the light,
We'll wish both them and thee good night."

Full as a bee with thyme, and red
As cherry harvest, now high fed
For lust and action; on he'll go
To lie with Mab, though all say no.
Lust has no ears; he's sharp as thorn,
And fretful, carries hay in's horn,
And lightning in his eyes; and flings
Among the elves, if mov'd, the stings
Of peltish wasps; well know his guard,
Kings, though they're hated, will be feared.
Wine led him on. Thus to a grove,
Sometimes devoted unto love,
Tinselled with twilight, he and they
Led by the shine of snails, a way
Beat with their num'rous feet, which by
Many a neat perplexity,
Many a turn, and man' a cross-

Track, they redeem a bank of moss
Spongy and swelling, and far more
Soft then the finest Lemster ore :
Mildly disparkling, like those fires
Which break from the enjewelled tyres
Of curious brides ; or like those mites
Of candied dew in moony nights.
Upon this convex, all the flowers
Nature begets by th' sun and showers,
Are to a wild digestion brought,
As if Love's sampler here was wrought ;
Or Citherea's ceston, which
All with temptation doth bewitch.
Sweet airs move here, and more divine
Made by the breath of great-eyed kine,
Who, as they low, empearl with milk
The four-leav'd grass, or moss like silk.
The breath of monkeys met to mix
With musk-flies, are th' aromatics
Which cense this arch ; and here and there,
And farther off, and everywhere
Throughout that brave mosaic yard,
Those picks or diamonds in the card,
With pips of hearts, of club and spade,
Are here most neatly interlaid.
Many a counter, many a die,
Half rotten and without an eye,
Lies hereabouts ; and for to pave
The excellency of this cave,
Squirrels' and children's teeth late shed,

Are neatly here enchequerèd,
With brownest toadstones, and the gum
That shines upon the bluer plum.
The nails fall'n off by whit-flaws : Art's
Wise hand enchasing here those warts
Which we to others (from ourselves)
Sell, and brought hither by the elves.
The tempting mole, stol'n from the neck
Of the shy virgin, seems to deck
The holy entrance ; where within,
The room is hung with the blue skin
Of shifted snake ; enfriezed throughout
With eyes of peacocks' trains, and trout-
Flies' curious wings ; and these among
Those silver-pence, that cut the tongue
Of the red infant, neatly hung.
The glow-worm's eyes, the shining scales
Of silv'ry fish, wheat-straws, the snail's
Soft candle-light, the kitling's eyne,
Corrupted wood, serve here for shine.
No glaring light of bold-faced day,
Or other over-radiant ray,
Ransacks this room ; but what weak beams
Can make reflected from these gems,
And multiply ; such is the light,
But ever doubtful, day or night.
By this quaint taper-light, he winds
His errors up ; and now he finds
His moon-tanned Mab, as somewhat sick,
And, love knows, tender as a chick.

Upon six plump dandèlions, high-
Reared, lies her elvish majesty,
Whose woolly bubbles seemed to drown
Her Mabship in obedient down;
For either sheet was spread the caul
That doth the infant's face enthral,
When it is born, by some enstyled
The lucky omen of the child;
And next to these, two blankets o'er-
Cast of the finest gossamer;
And then a rug of carded wool,
Which, sponge-like, drinking in the dull
Light of the moon, seemed to comply,
Cloud-like, the dainty deity.
Thus soft she lies; and over-head
A spinner's circle is bespread
With cobweb curtains, from the roof
So neatly sunk, as that no proof
Of any tackling can declare
What gives it hanging in the air.
The fringe about this, are those threads
Broke at the loss of maidenheads;
And all behung with these pure pearls
Dropt from the eyes of ravished girls
Or writhing brides, when panting they
Give unto Love the straighter way.
For music now he has the cries
Of fainèd-lost virginities;
The which the elves make to excite
A more unconquered appetite.

The king's undressed; and now upon
The gnat's watch-word the elves are gone.
And now the bed, and Mab possessed
Of this great-little kingly quest.
We'll nobly think what's to be done,
He'll do no doubt. This flax is spun,

The Night-piece, to Julia.

HER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also,
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,
Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;
But on, on thy way,
Not making a stay,
Since ghost there's none to affright thee.

Let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber?
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me;
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

To Groves.

YE silent shades, whose each tree here
Some relic of a saint doth wear,
Who for some sweetheart's sake did prove
The fire and martyrdom of love.
Here is the legend of those saints
That died for love; and their complaints,
Their wounded hearts, and names we find
Encarved upon the leaves and rind.
Give way, give way to me, who come
Scorched with the self-same martyrdom;
And have deserved as much, Love knows,
As to be canonised 'mongst those
Whose deeds and deaths here written are
Within your greeny calendar.
By all those virgins' fillets hung
Upon your boughs, and requiems sung
For saints and souls departed hence,
Here honoured still with frankincense:
By all those tears that have been shed
As a drink-offering to the dead:
By all those true love-knots that be
With mottoes carved on every tree,
By sweet St. Phyllis, pity me!
By dear St. Iphis and the rest
Of all those other saints now blest,

Me, me forsaken, here admit
Among your myrtles to be writ;
That my poor name may have the glory
To live rememb'red in your story.

The Old Wives' Prayer.

HOLY-ROOD, come forth and shield
Us i' th' city and the field :
Safely guard us, now and aye,
From the blast that burns by day,
And those sounds that us affright
In the dead of dampish night:
Drive all hurtful fiends us fro,
By the time the cocks first crow.

The Hock Cart; or, Harvest Home. To the Right Honourable Mildmay, Earl of Westmorland.

COME, sons of summer, by whose toil.
We are the lords of wine and oil;
By whose tough labours and rough hands,
We rip up first, then reap our lands.
Crowned with the ears of corn, now come,
And to the pipe sing harvest home.
Come forth, my lord, and see the cart
Dressed up with all the country art.
See, here a malkin, there a sheet,
As spotless pure as it is sweet;
The horses, mares, and frisking fillies,
Clad all in linen white as lilies.
The harvest swains and wenches bound
For joy, to see the hock cart crowned.
About the cart, hear how the rout
Of rural younglings raise the shout,
Pressing before, some coming after,
Those with a shout, and these with laughter.
Some bless the cart, some kiss the sheaves
Some prank them up with oaken leaves;
Some cross the fill-horse, some with great
Devotion stroke the home-borne wheat;
While other rustics, less attent
To prayers than to merriment,
Run after with their breeches rent.

Well, on, brave boys, to your lord's hearth,
Glitt'ring with fire, where, for your mirth,
Ye shall see first the large and chief
Foundation of your feast, fat beef;
With upper stories, mutton, veal,
And bacon, which makes full the meal,
With sev'ral dishes standing by,
As, here a custard, there a pie,
And here all-tempting frumenty.
And for to make the merry cheer,
If smirking wine be wanting here,
There's that which drowns all care, stout beer,
Which freely drink to your lord's health,
Then to the plough (the commonwealth),
Next to your flails, your fans, your vats;
Then to the maids with wheaten hats;
To the rough sickle, and the crook'd scythe,
Drink, frolic boys, till all be blithe.
Feed and grow fat; and as ye eat,
Be mindful that the lab'ring neat,
As you, may have their fill of meat.
And know, besides, ye must revoke
The patient ox unto the yoke,
And all go back unto the plough
And harrow, though they're hanged up now.
And, you must know, your lord's word's true.
Feed him ye must, whose food fills you.
And that this pleasure is like rain,
Not sent ye for to drown your pain,
But for to make it spring again.

The Honeycomb.

If thou hast found an honeycomb,
Eat thou not all, but taste on some:
For if thou eat'st it to excess,
That sweetness turns to loathsomeness.
Taste it to temper; then 'twill be
Marrow and manna unto thee.

Charms.

BRING the holy crust of bread,
Lay it underneath the head ;
'Tis a certain charm to keep
Hags away while children sleep.

Another.

LET the superstitious wife
Near the child's heart lay a knife,
Point be up and haft be down,
While she gossips in the town :
This, 'mongst other mystic charms,
Keeps the sleeping child from harms.

Another.

In the morning when ye rise,
Wash your hands and cleanse your eyes;
Next, be sure ye have a care
To disperse the water far:
For as far as that doth light,
So far keeps the evil sprite.

Another.

If ye fear to be affrighted,
When ye are by chance benighted,
In your pocket, for a trust,
Carry nothing but a crust :
For that holy piece of bread
Charms the danger and the dread.

Another Charm for Stables.

HANG up hooks and shears to scare
Hence the hag that rides the mare,
Till they be all over wet
With the mire and the sweat:
This observed, the manes shall be
Of your horses all knot-free.

To Blossoms.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride
Like you a while, they glide
Into the grave.

Alms.

GIVE unto all, lest He whom thou deni'st
May chance to be no other man but Christ.

Upon Ben Jonson.

HERE lies Jonson with the rest
Of the poets, but the best.
Reader, wouldst thou more have known?
Ask his story, not this stone;
That will speak what this can't tell
Of his glory. So farewell.

An Ode for Him.

AH, Ben!
Say how or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun?
Where we such clusters had
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.

My Ben,
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend,
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.

[1637.]

Divination by a Daffodil.

WHEN a Daffodil I see
Hanging down his head t'wards me,
Guess I may what I must be:
First, I shall decline my head;
Secondly, I shall be dead;
Lastly, safely burièd.

To the Virgins, to make much of Time.

GATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old time is still a-flying;
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent the worse and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

The Crowd and Company.

In holy meetings, there a man may be
One of the crowd, not of the company.

A Defence for Women.

NAUGHT are all women: I say no,
Since for one bad, one good I know:
For Clytemnestra most unkind
Loving Alcestis there we find;
For one Medea that was bad
A good Penelope was had;
For wanton Laïs then we have
Chaste Lucrece, or a wife as grave;
And thus through womankind we see
A good and bad. Sirs, credit me.

The Apparition of his Mistress calling him to Elysium.

Desunt nonnulla——

COME then, and like two doves with silv'ry wings,
Let our souls fly to th' shades, where ever springs
Sit smiling in the meads ; where balm and oil,
Roses and cassia, crown the untilled soil ;
Where no disease reigns, or infection comes
To blast the air, but ambergris and gums.
This, that, and ev'ry thicket doth transpire
More sweet than storax from the hallowed fire ;
Where ev'ry tree a wealthy issue bears
Of fragrant apples, blushing plums, or pears,
And all the shrubs, with sparkling spangles, show
Like morning sunshine, tinselling the dew.
Here in green meadows sits eternal May,
Purfling the margents, while perpetual day
So double gilds the air, as that no night
Can ever rust th' enamel of the light.
Here naked younglings, handsome striplings, run
Their goals for virgins' kisses ; which when done,
Then unto dancing forth the learnèd round
Commixed they meet, with endless roses crowned.
And here we'll sit on primrose-banks, and see
Love's chorus led by Cupid ; and we'll be

Two loving followers too unto the grove
Where poets sing the stories of our love.
There thou shalt hear divine Musæus sing
Of Hero and Leander; then I'll bring
Thee to the stand, where honoured Homer reads
His Odysseys and his high Iliads;
About whose throne the crowd of poets throng
To hear the incantation of his tongue:
To Linus, then to Pindar; and that done,
I'll bring thee, Herrick, to Anacreon,
Quaffing his full-crowned bowls of burning wine,
And in his raptures speaking lines of thine,
Like to his subject; and as his frantic
Looks show him truly Bacchanalian like,
Besmeared with grapes, welcome he shall thee thither,
Where both may rage, both drink and dance together.
Then stately Virgil, witty Ovid, by
Whom fair Corinna sits, and doth comply
With ivory wrists his laureat head, and steeps
His eye in dew of kisses while he sleeps.
Then soft Catullus, sharp-fanged Martïal
And towering Lucan, Horace, Juvenal,
And snaky Persius; these, and those whom rage,
Dropped from the jars of heaven, filled t' engage
All times unto their frenzies; thou shalt there
Behold them in a spacious theatre.
Among which glories, crowned with sacred bays
And flatt'ring ivy, two recite their plays,
Beaumont and Fletcher, swans, to whom all ears
Listen, while they, like sirens in their spheres,

Sing their Evadnes: and still more for thee
There yet remains to know than thou canst see
By glimm'ring of a fancy; do but come,
And there I'll show thee that capacious room
In which thy father, Jonson, now is placed,
As in a globe of radiant fire and graced
To be in that orb crowned, that doth include
Those prophets of the former magnitude,
And he one chief. But hark, I hear the cock,
The bellman of the night, proclaim the clock
Of late struck one; and now I see the prime
Of daybreak from the pregnant east, 'tis time
I vanish; more I had to say,
But night determines here, "Away!"

To the Lady Crew, upon the Death of her Child.

WHY, Madam, will ye longer weep,
Whenas your baby 's lulled asleep,
And, pretty child, feels now no more
Those pains it lately felt before?
All now is silent; groans are fled;
Your child lies still, yet is not dead;
But rather, like a flower hid here,
To spring again another year.

[1638.]

Ceremonies for Christmas.

COME, bring with a noise,
My merry, merry boys,
The Christmas log to the firing,
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts' desiring,

With the last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play,
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is a-teending.

Drink now the strong beer,
Cut the white loaf here,
The while the meat is a-shredding;
For the rare mince-pie,
And the plums stand by,
To fill the paste that's a-kneading.

Christmas Eve, another Ceremony.

COME, guard this night the Christmas-pie,
That the thief, though ne'er so sly,
With his flesh-hooks, don't come nigh
To catch it

From him who alone sits there,
Having his eyes still in his ear,
And a deal of nightly fear,
To watch it.

Ceremonies for Candlemas Eve.

Down with the rosemary and bays,
Down with the mistletoe;
Instead of holly, now upraise
The greener box, for show.

The holly hitherto did sway;
Let box now domineer
Until the dancing Easter Day
Or Easter's eve appear.

Then youthful box, which now hath grace
Your houses to renew,
Grown old, surrender must his place
Unto the crispèd yew.

When yew is out, then birch comes in,
And many flowers beside,
Both of a fresh and fragrant kin,
To honour Whitsuntide.

Green rushes then, and sweetest bents,
With cooler oaken boughs,
Come in for comely ornaments,
To re-adorn the house.
Thus times do shift, each thing his turn does hold;
New things succeed, as former things grow old.

Upon Bunce. Epigram.

MONEY thou ow'st me : prithee fix a day
For payment promised, though thou never pay :
Let it be doomsday : nay, take longer scope ;
Pay when thou'rt honest, let me have some hope.

Upon Mr. Ben Jonson. Epigram.

AFTER the rare arch-poet Jonson died,
The sock grew loathsome, and the buskins' pride,
Together with the stage's glory, stood
Each like a poor and pitied widowhood.
The cirque profaned was, and all postures racked;
For men did strut, and stride, and stare, not act.
Then temper flew from words, and men did squeak,
Look red, and blow, and bluster, but not speak:
No holy rage or frantic fires did stir,
Or flash about the spacious theatre.
No clap of hands, or shout, or praises-proof
Did crack the play-house sides, or cleave her roof.
Artless the scene was, and that monstrous sin
Of deep and arrant ignorance came in;
Such ignorance as theirs was, who once hist
At thy unequalled play, the Alchemist:
Oh fie upon 'em! Lastly too, all wit
In utter darkness did, and still will sit
Sleeping the luckless age out, till that she
Her resurrection has again with thee.

Dissuasions from Idleness.

CYNTHIUS pluck ye by the ear,
That ye may good doctrine hear.
Play not with the maiden hair,
For each ringlet there's a snare.
Cheek and eye, and lip and chin,
These are traps to take fools in ;
Arms and hands, and all parts else,
Are but toils, or manacles,
Set on purpose to enthral
Men, but slothfuls most of all.
Live employed, and so live free
From these fetters, like to me,
Who have found, and still can prove
The lazy man the most doth love.

His Content in the Country.

HERE, here I live with what my board
Can with the smallest cost afford ;
Though ne'er so mean the viands be,
They will content my Prue and me.
Or pea, or bean, or wort, or beet,
Whatever comes, content makes sweet.
Here we rejoice because no rent
We pay for our poor tenement.
Wherein we rest, and never fear
The landlord or the usurer.
The quarter-day does ne'er affright
Our peaceful slumbers in the night.
We eat our own, and batten more,
Because we feed on no man's score ;
But pity those whose flanks grow great
Swelled with the lard of others' meat.
We bless our fortunes when we see
Our own belovèd privacy :
And like our living, where we're known
To very few, or else to none.

An Epitaph upon a Virgin.

HERE a solemn fast we keep,
While all beauty lies asleep :
Hushed be all things, no noise here
But the toning of a tear ;
Or a sigh of such as bring
Cowslips for her covering.

A Country Life: To his Brother, Mr. Tho: Herrick.

THRICE, and above, blest, my soul's half, art thou,
In thy both last and better vow,
Could'st leave the city, for exchange, to see
The country's sweet simplicity,
And it to know and practise, with intent
To grow the sooner innocent
By studying to know virtue, and to aim
More at her nature than her name.
The last is but the least; the first doth tell
Ways less to live than to live well:
And both are known to thee, who now canst live,
Led by thy conscïence, to give
Justice to soon-pleased nature, and to show
Wisdom and she together go,
And keep one centre: this with that conspires
To teach man to confine desires,
And know that riches have their proper stint
In the contented mind, not mint;
And canst instruct that those who have the itch
Of craving more are never rich. [prevent
These things thou know'st to th' height, and dost
That plague, because thou art content
With that Heav'n gave thee with a wary hand
(More blessèd in thy brass than land)
To keep cheap Nature even and upright;
To cool not cocker appetite.

Thus thou canst tersely live to satisfy
The belly chiefly, not the eye;
Keeping the barking stomach wisely quiet,
Less with a neat than needful diet.
But that which most makes sweet thy country life,
Is the fruition of a wife,
Whom, stars consenting with thy fate, thou hast
Got not so beautiful as chaste;
By whose warm side thou dost securely sleep,
While love the sentinel doth keep,
With those deeds done by day which ne'er affright
Thy silken slumbers in the night.
Nor has the darkness power to usher in
Fear to those sheets that know no sin.
But still thy wife, by chaste intentions led,
Gives thee each night a maidenhead.
The damasked meadows and the pebbly streams
Sweeten and make soft your dreams: [bowers,
The purling springs, groves, birds, and well-weaved
With fields enamellèd with flowers,
Present their shapes, while fantasy discloses
Millions of lilies mixed with roses.
Then dream ye hear the lamb by many a bleat
Wooed to come suck the milky teat,
While Faunus in the vision comes to keep
From rav'ning wolves, the fleecy sheep.
With thousand such enchanting dreams that meet
To make sleep not so sound as sweet:
Nor can these figures so thy rest endear,
As not to rise when chanticleer

Warns the last watch ; but with the dawn dost rise
To work, but first to sacrifice ;
Making thy peace with Heav'n for some late fault,
With holy meal and spirting salt.
Which done, thy painful thumb this sentence tells us,
Jove for our labour all things sells us.
Nor are thy daily and devout affairs
Attended with those desp'rate cares,
Th' industrious merchant has, who for to find
Gold, runneth to the Western Ind,
And back again, tortured with fears, doth fly,
Untaught to suffer poverty.
But thou at home, blest with securest ease,
Sitt'st, and believ'st that there be seas
And wat'ry dangers, while thy whiter hap
But sees these things within thy map :
And viewing them with a more safe survey
Mak'st easy fear unto thee say,
"A heart thrice walled with oak and brass, that man
Had first durst plough the ocëan."
But thou at home, without or tide or gale,
Canst in thy map securely sail,
Seeing those painted countries, and so guess
By those fine shades their substances ;
And from thy compass taking small advice,
Buy'st travel at the lowest price.
Nor are thine ears so deaf but thou canst hear,
Far more with wonder than with fear,
Fame tell of states, of countries, courts, and kings,
And believe there be such things,

When of these truths thy happier knowledge lies
More in thine ears than in thine eyes.
And when thou hear'st by too true report,
Vice rules the most or all at court,
Thy pious wishes are, though thou not, there
Virtue had, and moved her sphere.
But thou liv'st fearless; and thy face ne'er shows
Fortune when she comes or goes;
But, with thy equal thoughts prepared, dost stand
To take her by the either hand;
Nor car'st which comes the first, the foul or fair:
A wise man ev'ry way lies square,
And like a surly oak with storms perplexed,
Grows still the stronger, strongly vexed.
Be so, bold spirit; stand centre-like unmoved;
And be not only thought but proved
To be what I report thee, and inure
Thyself if want comes to endure:
And so thou dost; for thy desires are
Confined to live with private Lar,
Nor curious whether appetite be fed,
Or with the first, or second bread.
Who keep'st no proud mouth for delicious cates;
Hunger makes coarse meats delicates.
Canst, and unurged, forsake that larded fare,
Which art, not nature makes so rare;
To taste boiled nettles, coleworts, beets, and eat
These and sour herbs as dainty meat?
While soft opinion makes thy genius say,
"Content makes all ambrosia."

Nor is it that thou keep'st this stricter 'size
So much for want as exercise;
To numb the sense of dearth, which, should sin haste it,
Thou might'st but only see't, not taste it.
Yet can thy humble roof maintain a quire
Of singing crickets by thy fire;
And the brisk mouse may feast herself with crumbs,
Till that the green-eyed kitling comes;
Then to her cabin, blest she can escape
The sudden danger of a rape.
And thus thy little well-kept stock doth prove,
Wealth cannot make a life, but love.
Nor art thou so close-handed, but canst spend
(Counsel concurring with the end)
As well as spare; still conning o'er this theme,
To shun the first and last extreme;
Ordaining that thy small stock find no breach,
Or to exceed thy tether's reach,
But to live round, and close, and wisely true
To thine own self, and known to few.
Thus let thy rural sanctuary be
Elysium to thy wife and thee;
There to disport yourselves with golden measure;
For seldom use commends the pleasure.
Live, and live blest, thrice happy pair; let breath,
But lost to one, be th' other's death.
And as there is one love, one faith, one troth,
Be so one death, one grave to both.
Till when, in such assurance live, ye may
Nor fear nor wish your dying day.

On Himself.

A WEARIED pilgrim I have wandered here
Twice five-and-twenty, bate me but one year;
Long I have lasted in this world, 'tis true,
But yet those years that I have lived, but few.
Who by his grey hairs doth his lustres tell,
Lives not those years, but he that lives them well.
One man has reached his sixty years, but he
Of all those threescore has not lived half three:
He lives who lives to virtue; men who cast
Their ends for pleasure, do not live, but last.

[1640.]

What God is.

GOD is above the sphere of our esteem,
And is the best known, not defining Him.

Comfort to a Youth that had Lost His Love.

WHAT needs complaints,
When she a place
Has with the race
Of saints?
In endless mirth,
She thinks not on
What's said or done
In earth:
She sees no tears,
Or any tone
Of thy deep groan
She hears;
Nor does she mind,
Or think on't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind:
But changed above,
She likes not there,
As she did here,
Thy love.
Forbear, therefore,
And lull asleep
Thy woes, and weep
No more.

The Ceremonies for Candlemas Day.

KINDLE the Christmas brand, and then
Till sunset let it burn;
Which quenched, then lay it up again
Till Christmas next return.

Part must be kept, wherewith to teend
The Christmas log next year;
And where 'tis safely kept, the fiend
Can do no mischief there.

Ceremony upon Candlemas Eve.

Down with the rosemary, and so
Down with the bays and mistletoe;
Down with the holly, ivy, all
Wherewith ye dressed the Christmas hall,
That so the superstitious find
No one least branch there left behind:
For look, how many leaves there be
Neglected there, maids, trust to me,
So many goblins you shall see.

His Age, dedicated to his Peculiar Friend, Mr. John Wickes, under the name of Posthumus.

AH Posthumus ! our years hence fly,
And leave no sound ; nor piety,
Or prayers, or vow
Can keep the wrinkle from the brow ;
But we must on,
As fate does lead or draw us ; none,
None, Posthumus, could e'er decline
The doom of cruel Proserpine.

The pleasing wife, the house, the ground
Must all be left, no one plant found
To follow thee,
Save only the curst cypress tree ;
A merry mind
Looks forward, scorns what's left behind :
Let's live, my Wickes, then, while we may,
And here enjoy our holiday.

We've seen the past best times, and these
Will ne'er return ; we see the seas,
And moons to wane,
But they fill up their ebbs again :
But vanished man,

Like to a lily lost, ne'er can,
Ne'er can repullulate, or bring
His days to see a second spring.

But on we must, and thither tend,
Where Ancus and rich Tullus blend
Their sacred seed :
Thus has infernal Jove decreed
We must be made
Ere long a song, ere long a shade.
Why then, since life to us is short,
Let's make it full up by our sport.

Crown we our heads with roses, then,
And 'noint with Tyrian balm ; for when
We two are dead,
The world with us is burièd.
Then live we free
As is the air, and let us be
Our own fair wind, and mark each one
Day with the white and lucky stone.

We are not poor, although we have
No roofs of cedar, nor our brave
Baiæ, nor keep
Account of such a flock of sheep ;
Nor bullocks fed
To lard the shambles ; barbels bred
To kiss our hands ; nor do we wish
For Pollio's lampreys in our dish.

If we can meet, and so confer,
Both by a shining saltcellar,
And have our roof,
Although not arched, yet weatherproof,
And ceiling free
From that cheap candle-bawdery;
We'll eat our bean with that full mirth,
As we were lords of all the earth.

Well then, on what seas we are tossed,
Our comfort is, we can't be lost.
Let the winds drive
Our bark, yet she will keep alive
Amidst the deeps;
'Tis constancy, my Wickes, which keeps
The pinnace up; which though she errs
I' th' seas, she saves her passengers.

Say, we must part; sweet mercy bless
Us both i' th' sea, camp, wilderness!
Can we so far
Stray to become less circular
Than we are now?
No, no, that self-same heart, that vow
Which made us one, shall ne'er undo,
Or ravel so, to make us two.

Live in thy peace; as for myself,
When I am bruisèd on the shelf
Of time, and show

My locks behung with frost and snow ;
When with the rheum,
The cough, the ptisick, I consume
Unto an almost nothing ; then,
The ages fled, I'll call again :

And with a tear compare these last
Lame and bad times with those are past,
While Baucis by,
My old lean wife, shall kiss it dry ;
And so we'll sit
By th' fire, foretelling snow and sleet,
And weather by our achès, grown
Now old enough to be our own

True calendars, as pussy's ear
Washed o'er, to tell what change is near ;
Then, to assuage
The gripings of the chine by age,
I'll call my young
Iülus to sing such a song
I made upon my Julia's breast,
And of her blush at such a feast.

Then shall he read that flow'r of mine
Enclosed within a crystal shrine ;
A primrose next.
A piece then of a higher text.

For to beget
In me a more transcendant heat,
Than that insinuating fire
Which crept into each agèd sire,

When the fair Helen from her eyes
Shot forth her loving sorceries :
At which I'll rear
Mine agèd limbs above my chair ;
And hearing it,
Flutter and crow as in a fit
Of fresh concupiscence, and cry,
" No lust there's like to poetry."

Thus frantic, crazy man, God wot,
I'll call to mind things half forgot ;
And oft between,
Repeat the times that I have seen.
Thus ripe with tears,
And twisting my Iülus' hairs,
Doting, I'll weep and say, in truth,
" Baucis, these were my sins of youth."

Then next I'll cause my hopeful lad,
If a wild apple can be had,
To crown the hearth,
Lar thus conspiring with our mirth,
Then to infuse

Our browner ale into the cruise;
Which, sweetly spiced, we'll first carouse
Unto the genius of the house.

Then the next health to friends of mine,
Loving the brave Burgundian wine,
High sons of pith,
Whose fortunes I have frolicked with:
Such as could well
Bear up the magic bough and spell;
And dancing 'bout the mystic Thyrse,
Give up the just applause to verse.

To those, and then again to thee,
We'll drink, my Wickes, until we be
Plump as the cherry,
Though not so fresh, yet full as merry
As the cricket,
The untamed heifer, or the pricket,
Until our tongues shall tell our ears
We're younger by a score of years.

Thus, till we see the fire less shine
From th' embers than the kitling's eyne,
We'll still sit up,
Sphering about the wassail cup
To all those times
Which gave me honour for my rhymes.
The coal once spent, we'll then to bed,
Far more than night-bewearièd.

The Hag.

THE hag is astride
This night for to ride;
The devil and she together:
Through thick and through thin,
Now out and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn or a burr
She takes for a spur;
With a lash of a bramble she rides now,
Through brakes and through briars,
O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the spirit that guides now.

No beast, for his food,
Dares now range the wood,
But hushed in his lair he lies lurking;
While mischiefs by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon of night are a-working,

The storm will arise
And trouble the skies
This night; and, more for the wonder,
The ghost from the tomb
Affrighted shall come,
Called out by the clap of the thunder.

An Ode to Master Endymion Porter, upon his Brother's Death.

Not all thy flushing suns are set,
Hérrick, as yet;
Nor doth this far-drawn hemisphere
Frown, and look sullen evr'ywhere.
Days may conclude in nights, and suns may rest,
As dead, within the west;
Yet the next morn regild the fragrant east.

Alas for me! that I have lost
E'en all almost:
Sunk is my sight; set is my sun;
And all the loom of life undone:
The staff, the elm, the prop, the shelt'ring wall
Whereon my vine did crawl,
Now, now blown down; needs must the old stock fall.

Yet, Porter, while thou keep'st alive,
In death I thrive,
And like a Phœnix re-aspire
From out my nard and fun'ral fire;
And as I prune my feathered youth, so I
Do mar'l how I could die
When I had thee, my chief preserver, by.

I'm up, I'm up, and bless that hand
Which makes me stand
Now as I do; and but for thee,
I must confess, I could not be.
The debt is paid; for he who doth resign,
Thanks to the gen'rous vine,
Invites fresh grapes to fill his press with wine.

God's Price and Man's Price.

God bought man here with His heart's blood expense;
And man sold God here for base thirty pence.

A Pastoral sung to the King.

Montano, Silvio, and Mirtillo, shepherds.

Mon. BAD are the times. *Sil.* And worse than they are we.
Mon. Troth, bad are both; worse fruit, and ill the tree:
The feast of shepherds fail. *Sil.* None crowns the cup
Of wassail now, or sets the quintel up:
And he, who used to lead the country round,
Youthful Mirtillo, here he comes, grief-drowned.
Ambo. Let's cheer him up. *Sil.* Behold him weeping ripe.
Mirt. Ah, Amarillis! farewell mirth and pipe;
Since thou art gone, no more I mean to play
To these smooth lawns, my mirthful roundelay.
Dear Amarillis! *Mon.* Hark! *Sil.* Mark! *Mirt.* This earth grew sweet
Where, Amarillis, thou didst set thy feet. [kine
Ambo. Poor pitied youth! *Mirt.* And here the breath of
And sheep grew more sweet by that breath of thine.
This flock of wool, and this rich lock of hair,
This ball of cowslips, these she gave me here.
Sil. Words sweet as love itself. Montano, hark!
Mirt. This way she came, and this way too she went;
How each thing smells divinely redolent!
Like to a field of beans, when newly blown,
Or like a meadow being lately mown.

Mon. A sweet, sad passion.——
Mirt. In dewy mornings, when she came this way,
Sweet bents would bow, to give my love the day:
And when at night she folded had her sheep,
Daisies would shut, and closing, sigh and weep.
Besides (Ai me!) since she went hence to dwell,
The voice's daughter ne'er spake syllable.
But she is gone. *Sil.* Mirtillo, tell us whither?
Mirt. Where she and I shall never meet together.
Mon. Forefend it, Pan; and Pales, do thou please
To give an end. *Mirt.* To what? *Sil.* Such griefs as these.
Mirt. Never, oh never! Still I may endure
The wound I suffer, never find a cure.
Mon. Love, for thy sake, will bring her to these hills
And dales again. *Mirt.* No, I will languish still;
And all the while my part shall be to weep;
And with my sighs call home my bleating sheep;
And in the rind of every comely tree
I'll carve thy name, and in that name kiss thee.
Mon. Set with the sun thy woes. *Sil.* The day grows old,
And time it is our full-fed flocks to fold.
Chor. The shades grow great; but greater grows our sorrow;
But let's go steep
Our eyes in sleep,
And meet to weep
To-morrow.

To Meadows.

YE have been fresh and green,
  Ye have been fill'd with flowers;
And ye the walks have been
  Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld how they
  With wicker arks did come
To kiss and bear away
  The richer cowslips home.

Ye've heard them sweetly sing,
  And seen them in a round;
Each virgin, like a spring,
  With honeysuckles crowned.

But now, we see none here,
  Whose silv'ry feet did tread,
And with dishevelled hair
  Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifts, having spent
  Your stock, and needy grown,
Ye're left here to lament
  Your poor estates, alone.

To his Paternal Country.

O EARTH! earth! earth! hear thou my voice, and be
Loving and gentle for to cover me:
Banished from thee I live, ne'er to return,
Unless thou giv'st my small remains an urn.

To his dear God.

I'LL hope no more
For things that will not come,
And if they do, they prove but cumbersome.
Wealth brings much woe:
And, since it fortunes so,
'Tis better to be poor
Than so t' abound
As to be drowned,
Or overwhelmed with store.

Pale care, avaunt!
I'll learn to be content
With that small stock Thy bounty gave or lent.
What may conduce
To my most healthful use,
Almighty God, me grant;
But that or this
That hurtful is,
Deny Thy suppliant.

Suspicion makes Secure.

He that will live of all cares dispossessed
Must shun the bad, ay, and suspect the best.

His Grange, or Private Wealth.

THOUGH clock,
To tell how night draws hence, I've none,
A cock
I have to sing how day draws on.
I have
A maid, my Prue, by good luck sent,
To save
That little Fates me gave or lent.
A hen
I keep, which, creeking day by day,
Tells when
She goes her long white egg to lay.
A goose
I have, which, with a jealous ear,
Lets loose
Her tongue to tell what danger 's near.
A lamb
I keep, tame, with my morsels fed,
Whose dam
An orphan left him, lately dead.
A cat
I keep, that plays about my house,
Grown fat
With eating many a miching mouse.
To these

A Trasy I do keep, whereby
I please
The more my rural privacy:
Which are
But toys, to give my heart some ease:
Where care
None is, slight things do lightly please.

The Olive Branch.

SADLY I walked within the field
To see what comfort it would yield;
And as I went my private way,
An olive branch before me lay;
And seeing it I made a stay,
And took it up, and viewed it; then
Kissing the omen, said, "Amen:
Be, be it so, and let this be
A divination unto me;
That in short time my woes shall cease,
And Love shall crown my end with peace."

A Thanksgiving to God for His House.

LORD, Thou hast given me a cell
Wherein to dwell ;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof,
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry ;
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state :
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by th' poor,
Who thither come and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall
And kitchen's small :
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipped, unflead ;
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,

Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee;
The worts, the purslane, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes those, and my belovèd beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one:
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year;
The while the conduits of my kine
Run cream, for wine.
All these, and better Thou dost send
Me, to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart,

Which, fired with incense, I resign,
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

To Keep a True Lent.

Is this a fast to keep
The larder lean,
And clean
From fat of veals and sheep?

Is it to quit the dish
Of flesh, yet still
To fill
The platter high with fish?

Is it to fast an hour,
Or ragg'd to go,
Or show
A downcast look, and sour?

No; 'tis a fast, to dole
Thy sheaf of wheat
And meat
Unto the hungry soul.

It is to fast from strife,
From old debate
And hate;
To circumcise Thy life.

To show a heart grief-rent;
To starve thy sin,
Not bin;
And that's to keep thy Lent.

Crutches.

THOU seest me, Lucia, this year droop ;
Three zodiacs filled more, I shall stoop ;
Let crutches then provided be,
To shore up my debility :
Then while thou laugh'st, I'll sighing cry.
" A ruin underpropped am I : "
Don will I then my beadsman's gown,
And when so feeble I am grown
As my weak shoulders cannot bear
The burden of a grasshopper,
Yet with the bench of agèd sires,
When I and they keep termly fires,
With my weak voice I'll sing or say
Some odes I made of Lucia :
Then will I heave my withered hand
To Jove the mighty, for to stand
Thy faithful friend, and to pour down
Upon thee many a benison.

Upon his Departure Hence.

THUS I
Pass by,
And die,
As one
Unknown
And gone:
I'm made
A shade,
And laid
I' th' grave,
There have
My cave:
Where tell
I dwell,
Farewell.

On Himself.

LOST to the world, lost to myself, alone
Here now I rest under this marble stone,
In depth of silence, heard and seen of none.

His Winding-sheet.

COME thou, who art the wine and wit
Of all I've writ;
The grace, the glory, and the best
Piece of the rest.
Thou art of what I did intend
The all and end;
And what was made, was made to meet
Thee, thee my sheet;
Come then, and be to my chaste side
Both bed and bride.
We two, as relics left, will have
One rest, one grave;
And, hugging close, we will not fear
Lust ent'ring here,
Where all desires are dead or cold,
As is the mould;
And all affections are forgot,
Or trouble not:
Here, here the slaves and pris'ners be
From shackles free,
And weeping widows, long oppressed,
Do here find rest.
The wronged client ends his laws
Here, and his cause.
Here those long suits of Chancery lie
Quiet, or die;

And all Star Chamber bills do cease,
Or hold their peace.
Here needs no Court for our Request,
Where all are best,
All wise, all equal, and all just
Alike i' th' dust.
Nor need we here to fear the frown
Of court or crown,
Where Fortune bears no sway o'er things,
There all are kings.
In this securer place we'll keep,
As lulled asleep ;
Or for a little time we'll lie,
As robes laid by,
To be another day re-worn,
Turned, but not torn,
Or like old testaments engrossed,
Locked up, not lost;
And for a while lie here concealed,
To be revealed
Next, at that great Platonic Year,
And then meet here.

The White Island: or, Place of the Blessed.

In this world, the Isle of Dreams,
While we sit by sorrow's streams,
Tears and terrors are our themes,
Reciting:

But when once from hence we fly,
More and more approaching nigh
Unto young eternity,
Uniting,

In that whiter island where
Things are evermore sincere,
Candour here and lustre there,
Delighting;

There no monstrous fancies shall
Out of hell an horror call,
To create, or cause at all,
Affrighting.

There in calm and cooling sleep
We our eyes shall never steep,
But eternal watch shall keep,
Attending

Pleasures such as shall pursue
Me immortalised, and you;
And fresh joys, as never too
Have ending.

Anacreontic.

I MUST
Not trust
Here to any ;
Bereaved,
Deceived,
By so many :
As one
Undone
By my losses,
Comply
Will I
With my crosses.
Yet still
I will
Not be grieving ;
Since thence
And hence
Comes relieving.
But this
Sweet is
In our mourning,
Times bad
And sad
Are a turning ;

And he
Whom we
See dejected,
Next day
We may
See erected.

To Anthea.

Now is the time when all the lights wax dim,
And thou, Anthea, must withdraw from him
Who was thy servant. Dearest, bury me
Under that holy-oak or gospel-tree;
Where, though thou see'st not, thou may'st think upon
Me, when thou yearly go'st procession;
Or, for mine honour, lay me in that tomb
In which thy sacred relics shall have room:
For my embalming, sweetest, there will be
No spices wanting when I'm laid by thee.

His Litany to the Holy Spirit.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the artless doctor sees
No one hope, but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
His, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue,
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the priest his last hath prayed,
And I nod to what is said,
'Cause my speech is now decayed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When, God knows, I'm tossed about,
Either with despair or doubt,
Yet, before the glass be out,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the tempter me pursu'th
With the sins of all my youth,
And half damns me with untruth,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the flames and hellish cries
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,
And all terrors me surprise,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

When the Judgment is revealed,
And that opened which was sealed,
When to thee I have appealed,
Sweet Spirit, comfort me!

God Hears Us.

GOD, who's in heav'n, will hear from thence,
If not to th' sound, yet to the sense.

To his Friend on the Untuneable Times.

PLAY I could once ; but, gentle friend, you see
My harp hung up here on the willow tree.
Sing I could once ; and bravely, too, inspire
With luscious numbers my melodious lyre.
Draw I could once, although not stocks or stones
Amphion-like, men made of flesh and bones,
Whither I would ; but, ah ! I know not how
I feel in me this transmutation now.
Grief, my dear friend, has first my harp unstrung,
Withered my hand, and palsy-struck my tongue.

His Last Request to Julia.

I HAVE been wanton and too bold, I fear,
To chafe o'ermuch the virgin's cheek or ear :
Beg for my pardon, Julia ; he doth win
Grace with the gods who's sorry for his sin :
That done, my Julia, dearest Julia, come,
And go with me to choose my burial room.
My fates are ended ; when thy Herrick dies,
Clasp thou his book, then close thou up his eyes.

On Himself.

WEEP for the dead, for they have lost this light ;
And weep for me, lost in an endless night ;
Or mourn or make a marble verse for me,
Who writ for many. Benedicite

Upon the Troublesome Times.

O TIMES most bad,
Without the scope
Of hope
Of better to be had!

Where shall I go,
Or whither run
To shun
This public overthrow?

No places are,
This I am sure,
Secure
In this our wasting war.

Some storms we've past;
Yet we must all
Down fall,
And perish at the last.

His Return to London.

FROM the dull confines of the drooping West,
To see the day spring from the pregnant East,
Ravished in spirit I come, nay more, I fly
To thee, blessed place of my nativity !
Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground
With thousand blessings by thy fortune crowned.
O fruitful genius ! that bestowest here
An everlasting plenty year by year ;
O place ! O people ! manners, framed to please
All nations, customs, kindreds, languages !
I am a free-born Roman ; suffer then
That I amongst you live a citizen.
London my home is, though by hard fate sent
Into a long and irksome banishment ;
Yet since called back, henceforward let me be,
O native country ! repossessed by thee ;
For, rather than I'll to the West return,
I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.
Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall,
Give thou my sacred relics burial.
[1647.]

Dean-Bourn, a rude River in Devon, by which sometimes he lived.

DEAN-BOURN, farewell ; I never look to see
Dean or thy warty incivility.
Thy rocky bottom, that doth tear thy streams
And makes them frantic, ev'n to all extremes,
To my content I never should behold,
Were thy streams silver, or thy rocks all gold.
Rocky thou art ; and rocky we discover
Thy men ; and rocky are thy ways all over.
O men, O manners, now, and ever known
To be a rocky generatïon !
A people currish, churlish as the seas,
And rude almost as rudest savages,
With whom I did, and may resojourn when
Rocks turn to rivers, rivers turn to men.

His Wish to Privacy.

GIVE me a cell
To dwell,
Where no foot hath
A path :
There will I spend,
And end
My wearied years
In tears.

To his Peculiar friend, Mr. John Wicks.

SINCE shed or cottage I have none,
I sing the more, that thou hast one;
To whose glad threshold and free door
I may, a poet, come, though poor;
And eat with thee a savoury bit,
Paying but common thanks for it.
Yet should I chance, my Wicks, to see
An over-leaven look in thee,
To sour the bread and turn the beer
To an exalted vinegar;
Or shouldst thou prize me as a dish
Of thrice-boiled worts, or third day's fish;
I'd rather hungry go and come,
Than to thy house be burdensome:
Yet in my depth of grief I'd be
One that should drop his beads for thee.

His Poetry his Pillar.

ONLY a little more
I have to write,
Then I'll give o'er,
And bid the world Good-night.

'Tis but a flying minute
That I must stay,
Or linger in it ;
And then I must away.

O Time, that cut'st down all,
And scarce leav'st here
Memorial
Of any men that were !

How many lie forgot
In vaults beneath,
And piecemeal rot
Without a fame in death?

Behold this living stone
I rear for me,
Ne'er to be thrown
Down, envious Time, by thee

Pillars let some set up,
If so they please,
Here is my hope
And my pyramides.

The Bad Season makes the Poet Sad.

DULL to myself, and almost dead to these
My many fresh and fragrant mistresses:
Lost to all music now, since everything
Puts on the semblance here of sorrowing.
Sick is the land to th' heart, and doth endure
More dangerous faintings by her desp'rate cure.
But if that golden age would come again,
And Charles here rule, as he before did reign;
If smooth and unperplexed the seasons were,
As when the sweet Maria livèd here;
I should delight to have my curls half drowned
In Tyrian dews, and head with roses crowned;
And once more yet, ere I am laid out dead,
Knock at a star with my exalted head.

To a Gentlewoman, objecting to Him his Grey Hairs.

Am I despised, because you say,
And I dare swear, that I am grey?
Know, lady, you have but your day:
And time will come when you shall wear
Such frost and snow upon your hair;
And when, though long it comes to pass,
You question with your looking-glass,
And in that sincere crystal seek
But find no rose-bud in your cheek,
Nor any bed to give the show
Where such a rare carnation grew.
Ah! then too late, close in your chamber keeping,
It will be told
That you are old,
By those true tears you're weeping.

On Himself.

I WILL no longer kiss,
  I can no longer stay;
The way of all flesh is,
  That I must go this day.
Since longer I can't live,
  My frolic youths, adieu;
My lamp to you I'll give,
  And all my troubles too.

Comforts in Contentions.

THE same who crowns the conqueror will be
A coadjutor in the agony.

His Charge to Julia at his Death.

DEAREST of thousands, now the time draws near,
That with my lines my life must full-stop here.
Cut off thy hairs, and let thy tears be shed
Over my turf, when I am burièd.
Then for effusions, let none wanting be,
Or other rites that do belong to me;
As Love shall help thee, when thou dost go hence
Unto thy everlasting residence.

To his Book.

Go thou forth, my book, though late,
Yet be timely fortunate.
It may chance good luck may send
Thee a kinsman or a friend,
That may harbour thee, when I
With my fates neglected lie.
If thou know'st not where to dwell,
See, the fire 's by. Farewell.

Epitaph on the Tomb of Sir Edward Giles and his Wife in the South Aisle of Dean Prior Church, Devon.

No trust to metals nor to marbles when
These have their fate, and wear away as men :
Times, titles, trophies, may be lost and spent ;
But virtue rears the eternal monument.—
What more than these can tombs or tombstones pay?
But here's the sun-set of a tedious day :
These two asleep are ; I'll but be undressed
And so to bed : pray, wish us all good rest.

NOTES.

page line

1 3 *Hock-carts.*—The last in from the harvest-field.

1 3 *Wassails.*—Anglo-Saxon wes hál, lit. "be whole," a form of wishing good health ; hence, merry meetings.

1 3 *Wakes.*—Parish festivals, kept originally on the day of the dedication of the parish church.

2 9 *Eclogues.*—Greek ἐκλογή, literally a selection, especially of poems ; Herrick seems here to use the word in its original sense of "chosen poems," and not in its present meaning of "pastoral poems," in distinction from "Bucolics" in the following line.

2 13 *Neat.*—Black cattle oxen ; so named from their usefulness : from Anglo-Saxon neótan, to use, employ.

3 3 Compare St. John ii. 10.—"When men have well drunk."

3 7 *Thyrse.*—"A javelin twin'd with ivy."—*Herrick.*

3 8 *Orgies.*—"Songs to Bacchus."—*Herrick.*

3 8 "A round, a round"—*i.e.*, a dance, a dance.

3 10 Cato and Brutus are commonplaces of examples of severe virtue. See the following poem, l. 2.—G.

page line

5 5 *Julia.*—In the "Hesperides" there are no less than seventy-one poems addressed, or relating, to Julia; while the greatest number to any other of his "dainty mistresses" is fourteen, namely, to Anthea. Next in number are the eleven to Electra. Throughout this series of seventy-one poems one seems to discover the same "stately Julia" whom he so charmingly describes in the lines—

UPON HIS JULIA.

Will ye hear what I can say
Briefly of my Julia?
Black and rolling is her eye,
Double chinned, and forehead high;
Lips she has, all ruby red,
Cheeks like cream enclareted;
And a nose that is the grace
And proscenium of her face.
So that we may guess by these
The other parts will richly please.

6 — This imitation of Anacreon might be a fragment of some Greek "Midsummer-Night's Dream," so incomparable is it. It was set to music, for three voices, by Henry Lawes in the second book of his "Ayres and Dialogues," p. 40, 1655. In John Playford's "Treasury of Musick," 1669, it is called "A strife betwixt two Cupids reconciled." Henry Lawes set one of Anacreon's odes in the first book of the "Ayres and Dialogues." For other imitations of Anacreon, see p. 37, Upon Cupid; p. 64. The Captive Bee, etc.

8 — *Scare-fire.*—An alarm caused by fire.

10 10 Compare this last line with Marlowe's translation of the last line of the 5th elegy of the 1st book of Ovid's *Amores*:—Proveniant medii sic mihi sæpe dies; "Jove send me more such afternoons as this!"

11 8 *Tincture.*—Latin, tinctus, dyed; hence, colour, hue.

13 8 *Quarrelets.*—Diminutive of quarrel or quarry, a small square for paving, a pane of glass; hence, tiny squares.

page line

15 5 *A state.*—A canopy of state.—P

15 6 *Tiffany.*—"A sort of fine silk."

15 7 *Parly.*—*i.e.*, diminutive of Parliament.

18 4 *Circumfused.*—Latin, circumfusus, enclosed; compare Cicero, Academiæ Questiones, 2, 39, 122:—Latent ista omnia, Luculle, crassis occultata et circumfusa tenebris.

19 4 *Dollies.*—Sweethearts.

19 13 *Wilson.*—John Wilson, composer and lutinist; born at Faversham in Kent; created doctor of music, Oxford, 1644, and professor there in 1656. He is supposed to be the "Jack Wilson" of Shakespeare's stage. Anthony à Wood tells us he was "the best at the lute in all England," and, elsewhere, adds that he was much admired, "especially by his majesty king Charles I. . . . who, while he played, did usually lean or lay his hand on his shoulder." A Wood also, in his account of Benjamin Rogers, a composer of that time, gives us another delightful moment of the man. Mr. Rogers had set the Psalms in Latin and some hymns of four parts, and had composed certain Court Ayres, Pavins, Almains, Corants, and Sarabands, together with some other pieces both in Latin and English. To show the excellency of these compositions, à Wood relates that "Dr. Wilson the professor, the greatest and most curious judge of music that ever was, usually wept when he heard them well perform'd, as being wrapt up in an ecstasy, or, if you will, melted down." "This Dr. Wilson, who was a great humourist and a pretender to buffoonry, died in his house at the Horse Ferry, within the liberty of Westminster, on the 22nd day of Feb. 1673, aged 78 years, ten months, and 17 days: whereupon his body was buried in the little cloyster belonging to the abby church of St. Peter within the said city of Westminster." See A Wood's *Fasti* for 1644.

19 13 *Goticre.*—This must be Jacques Gouter, a Frenchman, and a lutinist only surpassed by John Wilson. In Charles I.'s charter to Nicholas Lanier, he is spoken of as "Mounsieur Gaultier." There is an etching of him

page line

holding a theorbo, inscribed :—"IACOBO GOVTERO INTER REGIOS MAGNÆ BRITANNIÆ ORPHEOS ET AMPHIONES LYDIÆ DORIÆ PHRYGIÆ TESTVDINIS FIDICINI ET MODVLATORVM PRINCIPI :" etc It is signed, "Ioannes Liuius fecit et excudit." In the print-room of the British Museum is an impression of this etching in a very early state of the plate. The face is somewhat Dutch in character, with long, full hair; but the eyes are large and penetrative, and the nose and mouth finely modelled. In this state it is a noble portrait.

20 6 *Pelops.*—Tantalus, the son of Jupiter, feasted the gods with the flesh of his own son Pelops, which they so abhorred that they all abstained from eating, except Ceres, who unawares eat up the child's shoulder; but Jupiter restored him to life again, and gave him a shoulder of ivory.

20 9 *Ixion's cloud.*—Ixion "was the son of Plegias, who having murthered his father-in-law, went up and down the earth as a vagabond, at last Iupiter did pittie him, and expiating his crime, received him into heaven; where he began to fall in love with Iuno, desiring the use of her body, but Iupiter understanding this, presented to him a cloude, having the shape of Iuno; of this cloude the centaures were procreated; therefore Ixion was sent down again to the earth, where bragging that he had lyen with Iuno, was by Iupiter's thunder cast down to hell, where being tyed to a wheele, he is continually whirled about."—*Mystagogus Poeticus*, 1648.

21 — *I call and I call.*—Looks like the catchword of some game.—G.

22 4 *Lutes of amber.*—The word "amber" must have been used here merely from stress of rhyme. Mr. A. J. Hipkins, a first authority on these matters, tells me that though a lute was commonly inlaid with ivory, tortoise-shell, and mother-o'-pearl, yet he does not remember a single example in which amber was used, not only in that, but in any other musical instrument. It had been ingeniously suggested to him that the amber varnish used in the making of the lute might here be meant: but I am afraid this would be taking Herrick too literally.

page line

23 — Imitated from Anacreon, Ode iii.; compare Thomas Stanley's translation, 1651, p. 4 :—

LOVES NIGHT WALK.

Downward was the wheeling Bear
Driven by the Waggoner:
Men by powerful sleep opprest,
Gave their busie troubles rest:
Love, in this still depth of night,
Lately at my house did light:
Where perceiving all fast lockt,
At the door he boldly knockt:
Who'se that (said I) that does keep
Such a noise, and breaks my sleep?
Ope saith Love, for pity hear;
'Tis a Childe thou needst not fear,
Wet and weary, from his way
Led by this dark night astray:
With compassion thus I heard;
Light I struck; the door unbarr'd:
Where a little Boy appears,
Who wings, bow, and quiver bears;
Near the fire I made him stand;
With my own I chaf't his hand;
And with kindly busie care
Wrung the chill drops from his hair:
When well warm'd he was, and d y,
Now, saith he, tis time to try
If my bow no hurt did get,
For methinks the string is wet:
With that, drawing it, a dart
He let fly that pierced my heart:
Leaping then, and laughing said,
Come, my friend, with me be glad;
For my Bow thou seest is sound,
Since thy heart hath got a wound.

28 8 *The Prime of Paradise.*—Eve; from Latin primus, first.

30 — This little poem would seem to be a rendering into verse of the following passage from the fifth scene of the third act of "The Shoemaker's Holiday," of Thomas Dekker; first published in 1600.—"Lets be merry, whiles we are yong; old age, sacke and sugar will steale vpon vs, ere we be aware."

page line

31 7 *Maund.*—A basket with handles.

33 2 *Clean.*—Pure.

33 6 *Civil.*—Latin, civilis, pertaining to citizens; hence, well-ordered: "like a civil wilderness," meaning, I suppose, an arranged disorder in the dress, or as Herrick has it elsewhere, "Order in a sweet neglect."

34 — This poem upon Julia's hair recalls the title of another upon the same all-important subject.

UPON JULIA'S HAIR BUNDLED UP IN A GOLDEN NET.

For dainty charm, this is a work of art in itself.

38 — There are in the Hesperides many similar verses addressed to the gods of the classics; for example, "To Apollo. A short Hymn," "A Hymn to Bacchus," "To his Household Gods," so also to Juno, Neptune, Mars, etc., and this—

A VOW TO MINERVA.

Goddess, I begin an art;
Come thou in with thy best part,
For to make the texture lie
Each way smooth and civilly:
And a broad-faced owl shall be
Offered up with vows to thee.

See p. 51 for "the Hymn to the Muses."

40 — Set to music by Henry Lawes in John Playford's "Treasury of Music," London, 1669, book i., p 50. Playford probably took it from the third book of the "Ayres and Dialogues," of which there is no copy in the British Museum.

40 16 That is, I suppose, "How she is worth her own least worthy part."

41 1 *Whenas.*—When.

41 3 *Liquefaction.*—Latin, liquefactus, having become liquid; hence, "liquefaction of her clothes," water-like movement of her clothes.

page line

42 — A not very deep reading of Ben Jonson's works will show how greatly Herrick was influenced by him. Indeed, the "Hesperides" may be said to be splendid development of Jonson's "Forest," Underwoods," and "Epigrams," considered as a whole.

45 9 *Admire.*—Latin, admirari, to wonder at.

47 — This is one of several imitations of the fourth elegy of the second book of Ovid's Amores. I have chosen the present poem, not because it is the finest version, but because it clashes less than the rest with our own more refined notions of love-making. Though Ovid's poem is as sensuous as Herrick's imitations, yet it has nothing of their repulsiveness; nor has Herrick caught anything of those wonderful touches, as in the line—

"Candida me capiet, capiet me flava puella."

of the present elegy, or that magnificent outburst in the *Ars Amoris*, book 3, lines 547-552,—passages that caused Milton to think that had Ovid lived in more fortunate circumstances, he would have been the greatest of the Latin poets. I cannot, however, refrain from giving the first three verses of another version of this theme, they being so considerably finer than the others.

Whatsoever thing I see,
Rich or poor although it be,
'Tis a mistress unto me.

Be my girl or fair or brown,
Does she smile, or does she frown,
Still I write a sweetheart down.

Be she rough or smooth of skin,
When I touch, I then begin
For to let affection in.

47 8 "Omnibus historiis se m.us aptat amor."—*Ovid*, line 44 of the same elegy.

49 — *Canticle.*—Latin, canticulum, a little song.

page line

49 1 and 2—A literal translation of the opening sentence of Horace's 25th Ode of the 3rd Book:—"Quo me, Bacche, rapis tui plenum?" Otherwise the poems are dissimilar

49 1 *Whurry.*—To whisk along quickly.

51 2 *Wit.*—Here in its original Anglo-Saxon sense of "mind," "understanding."

52 — Set by Henry Lawes in John Playford's "Select Musicall Ayres," 1652, p. 8.

52 10 Curious.—Latin, curiosus, attentive, inquiring.

54 — Imitated from Anacreon, Ode xl. Thomas Stanley's translation (1651, p. 21) resembles so closely Herrick's version, that Stanley must have stolen from Herrick, or Herrick have improved upon Stanley.

THE BEE.

Love, a Bee that lurkt among
Roses saw not, and was stung:
Who for his hurt finger crying,
Running sometimes, sometimes flying,
Doth to his fair Mother hie,
And oh help cries he, I dy;
A wing'd Snake hath bitten me,
Call'd by countreymen a Bee:
At which *Venus;* if such smart
A Bees little sting impart,
How much greater is the pain
They whom thou hast hurt sustain.

This translation of Stanley's does not occur in his edition of 1647.

55 Sir Clipseby Crew was son and heir of Sir Ranulphe Crewe, Chief-Justice of the King's Bench. He was knighted 18th of June, 1620. He married in 1625 Jane, daughter of Sir John Pulteney, of Misterton co., Leicester, Knight. She died 2nd of December, 1639, in her fiftieth year, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. He was also buried there 3rd February, 1649.—G.

page line

Though Herrick, in this gorgeously-coloured piece of verse, had no doubt the "Epithalamia" of Jonson in his mind, yet it was Catullus' poem, "On the Nuptials of Julia and Manlius," carmen lxi, which was chiefly present to him.

Compare the first six lines of the fourth stanza with the following verses from Catullus :—

. . . . Hymen o Hymenæe :
Cinge tempora floribus
Suave olentis amaraci.
Flammeum cape : laetus huc
Huc veni, nivis gerens
Luteum pede soccum :
. . . . Pelli humum pedibus, manu
Pineam quate tædam.

. . . Hymen, O Hymen ! Garland your brows with the flowers of the sweet smelling marjoram ; take the saffron veil and, filled with joy, come hither, hither, with the yellow sandal bound on your white foot : . . Beat the ground with your feet, and shake the pine torch in your hand.

But, indeed, there is also a great similarity between the two poems taken as a whole.

55 19 *Bedabbled.*—*i.e.*, with dew; wet with dew.

57 11 *Coddled.*—Parboiled, *i.e.*, overheated and steaming. A form, I suppose, of caudled ; Latin, caldus, hot. So codlin, an apple to be boiled.

57 18 *Napery.*—Table linen.

57 26 *Telling.*—Counting.

58 3 *Points.*—A tagged lace which held up the breeches.—G.

58 17 *Lady-smock.*—Meadow Bittercress, Cuckooflower.

58 19-20 *Prick-madam.*—? The yellow stonecrop. *Maidens-blush.*—The garden rose. These, with Gentle-heart, of which I have not been able to find the meaning, Dr. Grosart tells us were common bridal flowers.

page line

59 9 *Brusle like a Swan.*—*i.e.*, swell out, as a swan swells out its feathers.

59 27 *Sack-posset.*—Milk curdled with canary wine.

60 4 *Grutch.*—Original form of "grudge."

60 28 *Blaze.*—Publish abroad.

62 4 *Fantastic pannicles.*—The cells of the brain in which the fancy or imagination is bred.

66 — This poem to his favourite Latin Poets may be taken as an occasion for a note on Herrick's reading in general. In the "Hesperides," Musæus, Pindar, Lucan, Juvenal, Persius, Propertius, Tibullus are mentioned on one occasion only; Catullus and Ovid twice; Virgil and Martial three times; Homer, Anacreon, and Horace four times. Besides this, two of the Odes of Anacreon are rendered into verse, and many others of the Hesperides are more or less imitations of Anacreon's manner. The 9th Ode of the 3rd book of Horace is translated, and many of his lines imitated. Herrick also translates part of an epigram of Martial, and turns a passage out of Petronius into a couplet; while Catullus, Ovid, and Virgil are all more or less imitated. However, these instances must not be taken in too absolute a spirit. Doubtlessly they could be much extended with further reading.

Besides the poem "Upon Master Fletcher's incomparable Plays," printed in Beaumont and Fletcher's Works, 1647, these dramatists are spoken of together as being in Elysium with Ben Jonson, excepting whom, the only other reference to an English poet is the verses addressed "To M. Denham, on his Prospective Poem," —that is, "Cooper's Hill." Upon Ben Jonson, who, with Catullus, seems to have influenced Herrick more than any other poet, there are five poems.

In the "noble number" mention is made of several of the fathers:—St. Augustine, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bernard, St. Ambrose, as also of Boetius and Cassiodorus, etc.

66 7 *Pap.*—*i.e.*, Sap.

66 12 *Retorted.*—Latin, retortus; tossed wildly back.

page line

67 4 A play upon the poet's name of 'Naso,' and referring also to that amorous disposition which was supposed to be indicated by a long nose.—G.

69 — Compare Suckling's "Ballad upon a Wedding," 8th stanza :—

> Her feet beneath her petticoat,
> Like little mice, stole in and out,
> As if they feared the light.

This poem was first published in "The Wit's Recreation," 1640.

70 3 *Erring.*—Latin, erro, to wander, stray about.

70 4 *Transgression.*—Latin, transgressio, literally a going across; hence, movement.

70 9 *Pounced.*—Sprinkled as was the pounce, formerly used, instead of blotting-paper, to dry writing.

72 7 *Pitcher.*—Funeral urn, as in line 4.

77 2 *Camphire.*—The "clusters of camphire" of the Song of Solomon. It is the 'henna' of the Arabs, with which they dye their nails, palms, etc. A small shrub, with dark bark, leaves pale green like a lilac, and bearing clusters of w. ite and yellow blossoms, very fragrant.

77 2 *Storax, Spikenard, galbanum.*—Precious gums.

77 4 *Vestry.*—Herrick seems to be thinking of the cedar presses in which the vestments of the Catholic priest are kept.

79 — This poem would seem to be imitated from the 16th of the Basia of Johannes Bonefonius. Ben Jonson's song, "Still to be neat, still to be drest," is imitated from Bonefonius' "Semper munditias, semper, Basilissa, decores." Bonefonius died in 1614.

> Donec pressius incubo labellis,
> Et diduco avidus tuae, Puella,
> Flosculos animae suave olentes,
> Unus tum videor mihi Deorum,
> Seu quid altius est beatiusve.

page line

Mox ut te eripis, ecce ego repente,
Unus qui Superûm mihi videbar,
Seu quid altius est beatiusve,
Orci mî videor relatus umbris,
Seu quid inferius ve tristiusve.

"So long as I bend over you, dearest, with my lips touching yours, and eagerly drink in the sweet-smelling flowerlets of your soul, I seem to myself as one of the gods, or something nobler and more blessed. But as soon as you snatch yourself away from me, behold! I who but just now seemed as one of the gods, or something nobler and more blessed, suddenly am borne away down to the shades of Orcas, or to some depths more profound and dismal."

83 19 *Cauls.*—Nets or coverings, especially for the head; head-dresses.

84 26 *Male-incense.*—Some powerfully odorous species.—P.

85 1 *Thou shalt not all die.*—Horace, 6th line of the last ode of the 3rd book, "Non omnis moriar."

87 5 *Carcanet.*—Diminutive of the French, carcan, a collar of jewels, or of gold.

87 8 *Dardanium.*—"A bracelet, from Dardanus so call'd." —*Herrick.*

88 — This poem is set to music by Henry Lawes in John Playford's "Treasury of Musick," 1669, book iii., p. 29, under the title, "A Dialogue on a Kisse."

88 9 *The babies of the eyes.*—This is a favourite expression, not only with Herrick, but with many of the contemporary poets, Randolph, Suckling, etc. It is difficult to say what the phrase exactly means. The usual explanation is that the tiny reflection which one sees of oneself on closely looking into the eye of another is meant. The earliest instance I am aware of seems, however, to imply a deeper meaning. It occurs in a poem in *Tottel's Miscellany*, by an unknown author, called, "A praise of his Ladye":—

"In eche of her two cristall eyes
Smileth a naked boye."

page line

by which, I suppose, Cupido is meant, or as St. John has it, "the lust of the eyes."

89 6 *Candid.*—Latin, candidus, white.

89 8 *Decurted.*—Latin, decurtare, to cut off; shortened.

89 9 *Auspice.*—Latin, auspicium, an omen.

91 2 *Twelfth-tide King.*—The "Holy Child" Jesus.—G.

92 12 *Civility.*—Latin, civilitas, good breeding.

93 — On repeated consideration, I now think that this poem must have been written in Devonshire, and about the same time as the song to the Daffodils. Compare the last three lines of this poem with the 7th and 8th of the 5th stanza of the present poem to Corinna.

94 3 *Titan.*—The sun.—P.

94 6 *Beads.*—The beads of the rosary, and metaphorically for prayers.

94 9-13 It is an ancient custom in Devon and Cornwall to deck the porches of houses with boughs of sycamore and hawthorn on May-day.—G.

95 1 Giving a maid a green gown was, in its purer sense, throwing her on the ground sportively.—G.

95 1 Catullus, carmen 5, lines 5-6:—

Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

But, indeed, as Dr. Nott points out, the whole of the concluding stanza of Herrick's lyric is in the same spirit with this famous song of Catullus'.

96 8 *Thronelet.*—Diminutive of 'throne.'—G.

97 — *Bridget Herrick.*—His little niece. See pedigree in the note to p. 119, l. 15.

98 8 *Knap.*—Snap; so in the Prayer Book, Psalm xlvi. 9:—"He breaketh the bow, and knappeth the spear in sunder."

page line

101 — This and a few of the following poems would appear to have been written at the time he was leaving London, in the autumn of 1629, to enter upon the cure of Dean Prior.

101 5 *Quick.*—The adjective, not the verb.

101 15 *Shagg'd.*—Shaggy.

101 23 *Mystic fan.*—The "mystica vannus Iacchi," of the 1st Georgic of Virgil, line 166, borne about in the Bacchic festival.

102 10 *Cedar.*—Oil of cedar used to preserve MSS. So in the poem "To Cedars:"—

> "If 'mongst my many Poems I can see
> One, only, worthy to be washed by thee."

And in Horace, *Ars Poetica*, lines 331-2:—

> . . . "speramus carmina fingi
> Posse linenda cedro" . . .

102 28 *Smell of the lamp.*—"Olet lucernam," Latin proverb.

106 5 *Teemed.*—Produced plentifully.

110 24 *The deal.*—The portion dealt out, as in cards.

111 5 *Maundy.*—Gifts like those on "Maundy Thursday."—P.

111 9 *For and.*—Obsolete for "also."—P.

111 17 *Reaming.*—That is, I suppose, wool ready for "reaming," or being drawn out into threads or filaments.

112 4 *Calamus.*—The sweet calamus of Exodus xxx., 23, an aromatic substance extracted from some reed. Dr. Grosart says it is a gum from the Calamus Odoratus or Aromaticus.

112 15 *Prank.*—Set off, trick, in an ostentatious sense.

page line

112 16 *Jet.*—French, jetter, to toss; to carry the body stately or proudly: or does it mean merely to perfume?

112 20 *Mincing.*—Finical, affected motions of the body in walking: compare Isaiah iii. 16, "Walking, and mincing as they go."

113 1-4 Compare Song of Solomon, vii. 2:—"Thy belly is like an heap of wheat set about with lilies."

114 9-10 That is, a cradle made of the water-willow, commonly used in basket-making.

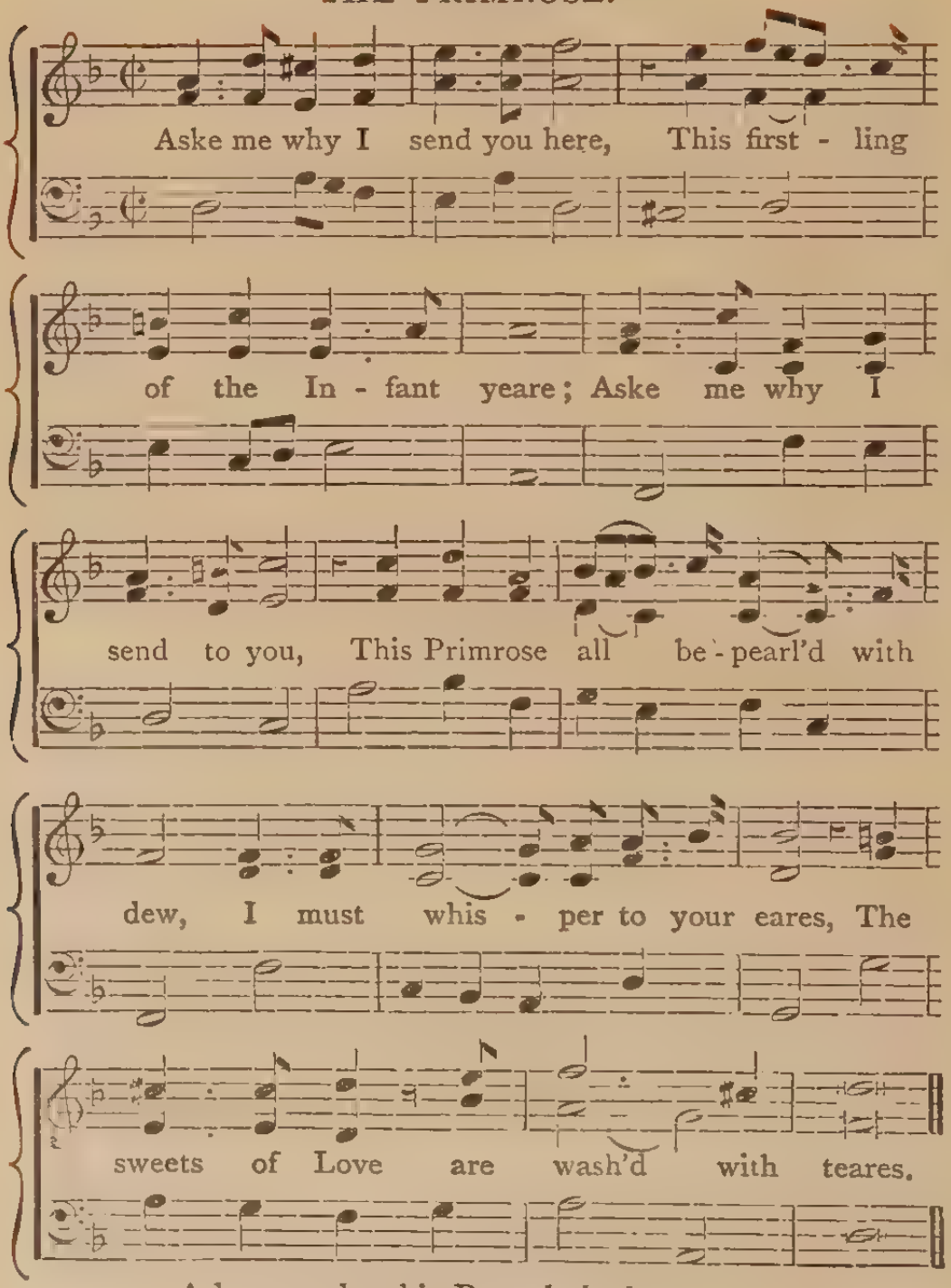
114 17 *Cruels.*—Worsteds.—P.

116 3 *Closet Gods.*—The Lares.—G.

116 4 *Remora.*—A small fish called the sea-lamprey or suck-stone, having a flattened adhesive disc on the top of the head, by the means of which it is able to attach itself to other fishes, or to vessels. By so doing, it was anciently supposed to have the power of stopping the largest ships.

117 - This poem was set to music by Henry Lawes in his first book of "Ayres and Dialogues," p. 24. As the name of Lawes is so conspicuous an one in the literature of the first half of the seventeenth century, an example of his music cannot but be acceptable to the student of Herrick. For such a purpose there is no better setting of his than that of the present song; and Mr. A. J. Hipkins has most kindly arranged it, adding the simple chords in the treble which, as in all old music, were left to the skill of the performer to fill up. In John Playford's "Select Musicall Ayres," 1652, which includes many similar songs by Lawes, we are told that they are intended to be sung to "The Theorbo, Lute, or Basse Violl:" and so we may suppose the air in question was written for these instruments. The words of the song are printed exactly as Lawes gives them. They would seem to be a less finished version of the song as we now have it. "Rose" in the second verse stands, of course, for Primrose.

THE PRIMROSE.


Aske me why I send you here, This first - ling
of the In - fant yeare; Aske me why I
send to you, This Primrose all be - pearl'd with
dew, I must whis - per to your eares, The
sweets of Love are wash'd with teares.

Aske me why this Rose doth show
All yellow, green, and sickly too?
Aske me why the stalk is weak,
And yielding each way, yet not break?
I must tell you, these discover
What doubts and fears are in a Lover.

page line

Henry Lawes, son of William Lawes, was born at Dinton, in Wiltshire, and baptised there January 1, 1595-6. He received his musical education from Giovanni Coperio. In 1626 he became an epistler, and afterwards one of the gentlemen of the Chapel Royal. He set to music the poems of Milton, Lovelace, Carew, Cartwright, Davenant, Waller, Shirley, Suckling, Katherine Philips, and some pieces of Ben Jonson's; but at the present day he is chiefly remembered for having composed, in 1634, the songs for "Comus." He published several books of music, and amongst them his "Choice Psalms," in 1648, for which Milton wrote the sonnet addressed to him. At the Restoration he was reinstated in his Court appointments; and died October 21, 1662, and was buried in the cloister of Westminster Abbey. He had a brother William, also a composer, who was killed at the siege of Chester.

Herrick has this poem to him—

TO MR. HENRY LAWES, THE EXCELLENT COMPOSER OF HIS LYRICS.

Touch but thy lyre, my Harry, and I hear
From thee some raptures of the rare Gotire:
Then if thy voice commingle with the string,
I hear in thee the rare Laniere to sing,
Or curious Wilson. Tell me, canst thou be
Less then Apollo, that usurp'st such three,
Three unto whom the whole world give applause?
Yet their three praises praise but one; that's Lawes.

It is difficult for us to understand the enormous praise which his contemporaries delighted to shower upon him. Many of the poets above named put forth on their title-pages that their lyrics had been set by him, as if it were an honour the most coveted. Mrs. Philips tells him that "poets on the lower world look down, but Lawes on them;" and Waller,

"Verse makes heroic virtue live;
But you can life to verses give:"

while Milton declares to him that

page line

"Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher
Than his Casella, whom he wooed to sing,
Met in the milder shades of Purgatory."

But the reason is not so far to seek. Lawes treated his airs as if they were a development of the rhythm and music of the lyric he proposed to set, and not as if the words were merely an excuse for displaying some melody of his own. In fact, in the words of the sonnet, he

"First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas' ears, committing short and long."

To effect this, says a recent writer, "he employed a kind of 'aria parlante,' a style of composition which, if expressively sung, would cause as much gratification to the cultivated hearer as the most ear-catching melody would to the untrained listener." And so, despite the blind condemnation of Burney and Hawkins, we may yet discover that the sure judgment of Milton, sure almost to inspiration, has already plucked out the heart of the matter, and delivered us the precious quality of the man in three words, "Thou honour'st verse."

119 3 *Reiterate.*—This would seem to be a word of Herrick's own making from Latin, "re" again, and "iter" a walk; hence, to walk up and down many times.

119 15 *Golden Cheapside.*—Herrick was born in Cheapside, within the parish of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, and therefore in a house which formerly occupied the site of one in the present block of houses extending on the north side of Cheapside from Foster Lane to Gutter Lane, or in the opposite block on the south side reaching from Old Change to the house now numbered 28. There is a drawing in Crace the collection, in the Print Room of the British Museum, Port: xxi. 1., by R. Treswell, dated 1585, that is some six years before Herrick was born, of the west end of Cheapside, and showing several houses in both of these blocks, so that it is just possible that we may have in it a contemporary representation of Herrick's birth-place. However, all this is a matter of

page line

conjecture; but what we have with great certainty and vivacity is a most charmingly quaint picture of the surroundings among which he was born. In the south-east corner of the drawing is shown the gothic gateway leading to the great cathedral of St. Paul, with its magnificent Norman nave, and choir of later work, the whole east end of which was filled by one immense rose-window of most wonderful and intricate design. Its spire of copper, "red varnished," had been destroyed in 1561, and the cloister, painted with the Dance of Death, pulled down by the Protector, the Duke of Somerset; yet, hidden as it was on both sides by dwelling-houses, it was still as stately a church as any in England. In the churchyard, between the gateway, spoken of above, and the north-east angle of the cathedral, stood Paul's Cross, "which had been for many ages the most noted and solemn place in the nation for the gravest divines and greatest scholars to preach at."

At the extreme west end of Cheapside, where the statue of Sir Robert Peel now stands, is shown in Treswell's drawing the Church of St. Michael le Querne, or, more properly, "Ad Bladum," because of the corn-market there, with its square, embattled tower, surmounted by a bell-cot; and at the east end of the church is "ye lytle cundit," with its pinnacles and perpendicular architecture, surrounded by numberless water-flagons. It was called the little conduit to distinguish it from the great conduit which stood at the other end of Cheapside, at the entrance to Bucklersbury.

The houses in this drawing are represented as all gabled and of two storeys, and compared with the buildings I have described are somewhat perfunctorily done. I think we shall get a truer idea of the architecture of the street if we turn to the print numbered 3, in the same portfolio of the Crace collection, although unfortunately it is taken from a point too far east to show us the house of Nicholas Herrick. It is a view of the state procession of Marie de Medici, mother of Queen Henrietta Maria, when on a visit to England in 1638. It is inscribed, "Entree Royalle de la Reyne mere du Roy tres-Chrestien dans la Ville de Londres," and shows a street of the most varied and picturesque architecture.

The expression "golden," which Herrick uses of

page line

Cheapside, must refer, I think, to the gilding on the great cross at the end of Wood Street, which appears to have been a matter of much importance to the citizens of the sixteenth century. Stow tells us "it was new gilt over in the year 1522, against the coming of Charles V., emperor; in the year 1533, against the coronation of Queen Anne; new burnished against the coronation of Edward VI.; and again new gilt, 1554, against the coming in of King Philip;" and again, finally, at the commencement of the seventeenth century. The Standard, a little to the east of the cross, was surmounted by a figure which was probably also gilt.

Anthony Munday, speaking of this cross, tells us that in the year 1596, "on the East side of the same Cross, the Steps being taken thence, under the Image of Christ's Resurrection defaced, was then set up a curious wrought Tabernacle of grey Marble, and in the same, an Alabaster Image of *Diana*, a Woman (for the most part naked) and Water conveyed from the *Thames*, prilling from her naked Breasts for a time; but the same is oft-times dryed up, and now decayed." Herrick would seem to have been thinking of this figure when he wrote the lines—

> A virgin's face she had; her dress
> Was like a sprightly Spartaness.
> A silver bow, with green silk strung,
> Down from her comely shoulders hung:
> And as she stood, the wanton air
> Dandled the ringlets of her hair.
> Her legs were such Diana shows,
> When tucked up she a-hunting goes;
> With buskins shortnèd to descry
> The happy dawning of her thigh.

I cannot better end this account of Cheapside than by giving a concise account of Herrick's immediate family.

Nicholas Herrick married, in 1582, Julian Stone, daughter to William Stone, and sister to Anne, Lady Soame, wife of Sir Stephen Soame, knight, and Lord Mayor of London in 1598. Hence Herrick's various poems to the Stones and Soames. She died in 1629. Of this marriage there were seven children, namely:—

1.—**William, baptised November 24, 1585; died an infant.**

page line

2.—Martha, baptised January 22, 1586.

3.—Mercie, baptised December 22, 1586. She married John Wingfield, of Brantham in Suffolk, and had by him three sons, Humphrey, John, and William, and one daughter, Mercie. The following poems Herrick severally addressed to his sister Mercie and her husband.

TO MY DEAREST SISTER, M. MERCIE HERRICK.

Whene'er I go, or whatsoe'er befalls
Me in mine age, or foreign funerals,
This blessing I will leave thee ere I go,
Prosper thy basket, and therein thy dough;
Feed on the paste of filberts, or else knead
And bake the flour of amber for thy bread;
Balm may thy tears drop, and thy springs run oil,
And everlasting harvest crown thy soil!
These I but wish for; but thyself shall see
The blessings fall in mellow time on thee.

TO HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW, MASTER JOHN WINGFIELD.

For being comely, consonant, and free
To most of men, but most of all to me;
For so decreeing, that thy clothes' expense
Keeps still within a just circumference;
Then for contriving so to load thy board
As that the messes ne'er o'er-laid the Lord;
Next, for ordaining that thy words not swell
To any one unsober syllable;
These I could praise thee for, beyond another,
Wert thou a Wingfield only, not a brother.

4.—Thomas, baptised May 7, 1588, was placed by his uncle and guardian, Sir William Herrick, with a Mr. Massam, a merchant in London; but in 1610 retired into the country and settled on a small farm, as appears from two letters from him to Sir William Herrick. To him Herrick addresses the poem of "A Country Life," p. 194. He married and is supposed to have had a son Thomas. From the following poem his wife's name would appear to have been Elizabeth.

page line

UPON HIS SISTER-IN-LAW, MISTRESS ELIZABETH HERRICK.

First, for effusions due unto the dead,
My solemn vows have here accomplishèd;
Next, how I love thee, that my grief must tell,
Wherein thou liv'st for ever. Dear, farewell.

5.—Nicholas, baptised April 22, 1589. He settled early in life as a merchant in London, and traded to the Levant seas. Hence it was that Herrick wrote this poem to him

TO HIS BROTHER, NICHOLAS HERRICK.

What others have with cheapness seen, and ease,
In varnished maps, by th' help of compasses,
Or read in volumes, and those books, with all
Their large narrations, incanonical,
Thou hast beheld those seas and countries far,
And tell'st to us what once they were and are
So that with bold truth thou canst now relate
This kingdom's fortune and that empire's fate;
Canst talk to us of Sharon, where a spring
Of roses have an endless flourishing;
Of Sion, Sinai, Nebo, and with them
Make known to us the new Jerusalem,
The Mount of Olives, Calvary, and where
Is, and hast seen, thy Saviour's sepulchre:
So that the man that will but lay his ears,
As inapostate, to the thing he hears,
Shall by his hearing quickly come to see
The truth of travels less in books than thee.

He married Susanna, daughter of William Salter. To her Herrick addressed two short poems. They had three sons and four daughters, namely:—

i. Thomas, living 1634.
ii. Nicholas, died 1664.
iii. William.
iv. Bridget, on whom Herrick wrote the strangely delightful poem on p. 97.
v. Anne,
vi. Susanna.
vii. Elizabeth, for whom Herrick composed the following epitaph, since it cannot refer to the sister-in-law above:—

page line

UPON HIS KINSWOMAN, MISTRESS ELIZABETH HERRICK.

Sweet virgin, that I do not set
The pillars up of weeping jet
Or mournful marble, let thy shade
Not wrathful seem, or fright the maid
Who hither at her wonted hours
Shall come to strew thy earth with flowers.
No, know, blest maid, when there's not one
Remainder left of brass or stone,
Thy living epitaph shall be,
Though lost in them, yet found in me.
Dear, in thy bed of roses, then,
Till this world shall dissolve as men,
Sleep, while we hide thee from the light,
Drawing the curtains round : Good night.

This next poem most probably refers to one of Nicholas Herrick's sons, unless it was one of Thomas Herrick's boys.

TO HIS NEPHEW, TO BE PROSPEROUS IN HIS ART OF PAINTING.

On, as thou hast begun, brave youth, and get
The palm from Urbin, Titian, Tintoret,
Breugel, and Coxcie, and the works outdo
Of Holbein, and that mighty Rubens too.
So draw, and paint, as none may do the like,
No, not the glory of the world, Vandyke.

6.—Anne, baptised July 26, 1590.

7.—Robert, baptised August 24, 1591 ; buried October 15, 1674 ; the poet.

8.—William, born in 1593, "at Harry Campion's house at Hampdon." He died early, as would appear from the following poem of Herrick's :—

TO HIS DYING BROTHER, MASTER WILLIAM HERRICK.

Life of my life, take not so soon thy flight,
But stay the time till we have bade good night.
Thou hast both wind and tide with thee ; thy way
As soon despatched is by the night as day.

page line

Let us not then so rudely henceforth go
Till we have wept, kissed, sighed, shook hands, or so.
There's pain in parting, and a kind of hell
When once true lovers take their last farewell.
What? shall we two our endless leaves take here
Without a sad look, or a solemn tear?
He knows not love that hath not this truth proved,
Love is most loth to leave the thing beloved.
Pay we our vows and go, yet when we part,
Then, even then, I will bequeath my heart
Into thy loving hands; for I'll keep none
To warm my breast, when thou my pulse art gone.
No, here I'll last, and walk, a harmless shade,
About this urn, wherein thy dust is laid,
To guard it so as nothing here shall be
Heavy, to hurt those sacred seeds of thee.

It now only remains for me to give Herrick's one reference to his father, who made his will on the 7th of November, 1592, and was buried on the 9th of the same month. His death was caused by a fall from an upper window of his own house, and the High Almoner claimed his goods as being those of a suicide. A compromise was ultimately arrived at. This is all we know.

TO THE REVEREND SHADE OF HIS RELIGIOUS FATHER.

That for seven lustres I did never come
To do the rites to thy religious tomb;
That neither hair was cut, or true tears shed
By me o'er thee, as justments to the dead,
Forgive, forgive me; since I did not know
Whether thy bones had here their rest or no.
But now 'tis known, behold, behold, I bring
Unto thy ghost the effusèd offering:
And look, what smallage, nightshade, cypress, yew,
Unto the shades have been, or now are due,
Here I devote; and something more than so,
I come to pay a debt of birth I owe.
Thou gavest me life, but mortal; for that one
Favour I'll make full satisfactïon;
For my life mortal, rise from out thy hearse,
And take a life immortal from my verse.

page line

119 21 *Disease.*—Old French, des-aise, want of ease; so used here in its original sense, to bring uneasiness. Compare—"Thy daughter is dead; why diseasest thou the master any further?"—Mark v. 35, *Tyndale.*

120 4 *Junkets.*—Any sort of delicious fare to feast or make merry with.

120 14 *Incurious.*—Not enquiring; hence here, easily pleased.

123 6 *Rage.*—Poetical inspiration.—P.

123 17 *A round.*—This must mean a health round, drank from one to the other, as the loving-cup still is, where it begins and ends with the same person.—G.

123 22 *Instant.*—Latin, instans, present.

126 7 *Handsel.*—Literally, the first instalment of a bargain; hence, an earnest of good faith.

128 3 *Paddocks.*—Frogs. Bailey gives it as an Essex word.

128 5 *Benison.*—A blessing.

129 3 *Continent.*—Latin acc: continentem, holding together; here, the apron of lawn into which Sappho gathered her flowers.

129 8 *Favonius.*—The south-west wind, who was said to bring in the spring and be married to Flora, the goddess of flowers.

129 12 Proserpine was, likewise, gathering flowers when Pluto, as the "Mystagogus Poeticus," 1648, tells us, "carried her away in his black coach to Hell."

130 5 *Sir John.*—*i.e.*, the parson.

131 — See note to page 211 for an account of Sir Endymion Porter.

131 10 *Ingot.*—A mass of unwrought gold or silver.

131 22 *Soiled.*—Manured.

page line

132 11 *Great-eyed kine.*—For Herrick, the great eyes of cattle had a peculiar fascination Elsewhere he speaks of "Lalage with cow-like eyes," an expression as true, of certain Lalages, as it is absolutely charming.

132 14 *Dew-laps.*—The loose skin on the neck of cattle.

132 30 *Quintels.*—Quintain, "a sport yet in use at marriages in Shropshire, and elsewhere, in which they run a-tilt on horseback with poles, against a thick post fixed in the ground; and he who breaks most poles has the prize, formerly a peacock, now a garland."—*Bailey.*

There is a quintain still standing on the green at Offham, in Kent, consisting of an upright post on which a cross-piece turns on a pivot. In this case, the players being on horseback, would run a-tilt at one end of the cross-piece, at which there was a broad board, and endeavour to pass the post before a bag of sand, suspended from the other end of the cross-piece, could strike the tilter on the back of the head.

133 3 *Shearing-feast.*—Harvest-feast, from "shear," to reap.

133 5 *Fox i' th' Hole.*—An old English game: boys hopped on one leg and beat one another with gloves or pieces of leather tied at the end of strings.—G.

133 6 *Mummeries.*—Masqueradings, buffoonery.

133 13 *Trammel Net.*—A long net to catch great and small fowl in the night.

133 14 *Cockroad.*—A net chiefly for the catching of woodcocks.

133 14 *Glade.*—A passage made in a wood by lopping off the branches of trees along the way.

134 — *Ternary.*—An arrangement in threes.

134 12 The tower of Herrick's church of Dean Prior still remains, but the bells are comparatively modern (1734).—G.

134 14 *Float.*—Used in angling.—G.

page line

135 3 "Old religion" does not refer, I think, to the religion of the Roman Catholic Church, of which Ben Jonson was a member, but to that which was to Herrick a more living religion, the religion of immortal verse, for the same kind of metaphor is employed throughout the poem. Herrick was doubtless looking back and thinking of "those lyric feasts made at the Sun, the Dog, the Triple Tun."

137 5 *Draw-gloves.*—"A sort of trifling game; the particulars of which the learned have not yet discovered."

137 14 *Demophon.*—Demophoön, for whom Phyllis killed herself, being deserted by him.

> Phyllida Demophoon leto dedit, hospes amantem:
> Ille neci causam præbuit, illa manum.

See Ovid's 2nd Epistle: from Phyllis to Demophoön.

137 24 *Columbine.*—The plant, "bearing pretty flowers of divers colours."

138 1 *Posies.*—At the end of "The New Academy of Compliments," 1681, is a collection of burlesque posies, or mottos, "for rings or other things." For example:—

> "I still muse on my dear Susan."
> "I can't contain my love to Jane."
> "The Lord above improve our love."

139 2 *Protestant.*—Latin, protestari; hence here, one who bears witness to his lady's beauty and good name.

141 — Herrick's epigrams are for the most part worthless, and yet no one but Herrick could have written so surprising an epigram as this.

147 6 To make loose gowns for mackerel.—Literally from Catullus, xcv. 8. "Et laxas scombris sæpe dabunt tunicas." The "molestas" in Martial, 4, 87, 8, shows that Herrick could not have had this epigram in his mind, although it has the same title as his own, "Ad Librum suum."

147 8 *Hoods.*—The three-cornered bags used by grocers.

page line

149 4 *Halcyon.*—"A bird called a king's-fisher, which breeds on the sea-shore about the winter-solstice; and for about fourteen days, while the eggs are hatching, there is no tempest or storm."

149 9 *Rimmon.*—2 Kings v. 18.

150 25 *Holy Grist.*—Holy grain.– G.

151 2 *Bruckelled.*—Wet and dirty, begrimed.

151 3 *Cockall.*—The huckle or pastern bone of a sheep, used in playing a game so called.

151 3 *Circumbinds it.*—Binds it round.

151 12 *Fetuous.*—Handsome, spruce.

151 17 *Watchet.*—A kind of pale blue colour.

152 6 *Hatched.*—As in pen and ink drawing.

152 22 *Abbey-lubbers.*—"A long lewd lither loiterer that might work and would not," but frequented the abbeys and cathedrals to beg.

153 17 *Chives.*—"The fine threads of flowers, or the little knobs which grow on the top of those threads."

153 21 *Shed.*—Cocoon.—G.

154 — In a little book entitled, "A Description of the King and Queen of Fayries," etc, published in 1635, there is an early version of this poem called, "A Description of his Dyet." It would seem, therefore, that the present series of Fairy poems was a development of this, and consequently finished after 1635.

154 16 *Chirring.*—Chirping.

154 24 *Kitling eyes.*—Eyes like kittens, green.—G.

155 4 *Cuckoo's spittle.*—The white froth which encloses the larva of the cicàda spumarià.—G.

page line

155 5 *Fuz-ball.*—Puff-ball or fungus.—G.

155 9 *Sagg.*—Used for the sake of the rhyme instead of the participle of the verb to sagg, to hang down, as oppressed with weight.

155 10 *Bestrutted.*—Descriptive of the laden bee labouring along, with legs stuck out, like "struts" or props.—G.

156 8 *Mickle.*—Much.

156 7 *Souce.*—A pickle for pickling meat.

156 11 *Huckson.*—Query, for Hucksheen, the hock.

156 13 *Chit.*—Seed is said to chit when it first shoots its small roots into the earth.

156 19 *Orts.*—Fragments, leavings.

157 14 Compare Horace, 4th satire of the 1st book, line 34 :—"Foenum habet in cornu ; longe fuge." Cows that are wild and dangerous have still sometimes a tuft of hay round the tip of one horn to forewarn all comers.—G.

157 17 *Peltish.*—Irritable, from pelt, a rage, passion.

"Which put her ladyship into a horrid pelt."
—*Unnatural Brother.*

158 1 *Redeem.*—Reach again.

158 3 *Lemster Ore.*—Leominster wool :—"As for the Wooll, in this County, [Herefordshire,] it is best known to the honour thereof by the name of Lempster Ore, being absolutely the finest in this County, and indeed in all England."—*Fuller.*—G.

158 12 *Ceston.*—Cestus.

158 23 *Picks.*—This word must mean spades, from the French "picque;" or is it after all only another term for diamonds?

159 2 *Toadstones.*—The supposed jewel in a toad's head.

159 4 *Whit-flaws.*—Whitlows.

159 12 *Enfriezed throughout with.*—*i.e.*, surrou nd by a frieze of.

page line

159 15-6 I can offer no satisfactory explanation of this passage.

159 20 *Corrupted wood.*—Here, wood that is phosphorescent.—G.

159 28 *Errors.*—Latin, errare; wanderings.

160 13 *Comply.*—Latin, complere, fill on all sides, surround.

160 16 *Spinner's.*—Spider's.

161 6 *This flax is spun.*—*i.e.*, this matter is ended.—G.

163 23 *St. Phyllis.*—The Phyllis, as above, who killed herself, for Demophoön, sainted.

163 24 *St. Iphis.*—A youth of Cyprus, who hung himself because his love for Anaxarete was not returned, likewise sainted. "These saints must be taken as representatives of maids and youths who have died for love."

166 — *Mildmay, Earl of Westmorland.*—Mildmay Fane, the author of a volume of poems called "Otia Sacra," 1648. He died 1666.

166 9 *Malkin.*—Cloth usually wetted and attached to a pole to clean out a baker's oven-floor. In Devon, a cloth, or clout generally.—G.

166 20 *Prank.*—Trick, adorn.

166 21 *Fill-horse.*—From "fill," a form of thill, the beam or draught-tree of a cart or waggon; hence, a horse that is put under the thill.

167 9 *Frumenty.*—A dish made of hulled wheat boiled in milk, with sugar, spice, etc.

167 15 *Fans.*—Winnowing fans.

168 5 *Temper.*—Latin, temperantia, moderation.

169 — See the collection of charms in Aubrey's "Miscellanies" under the heading of "Magick;" where you will find a reference to Sir William Soame and his Lady. Herrick

page line

has an "epigram" addressed "To his honoured kinsman, Sir William Soame."

176 — Ben Jonson died August 6, 1637, and was buried in an upright position, in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey.

177 7 *Clusters.*—*i.e.*, of grapes, put for wine.

179 — Set to music by William Lawes in John Playford's "Select Musicall Ayres," 1652, second book, p. 25.

182 14 *Purfling.*—French, pourfiler d'or, to purfle, tinsell, or overcast with gold thread, etc. Cotgrave; hence, embroidering.

182 14 *Margents.*—Margins.

183 9 *Linus.*—A mythical poet. The accounts of him are very conflicting. According to one, he was the son of Apollo and Terpsichore, and taught Orpheus and Hercules the use of the lyre, by the latter of whom he was killed.

184 1 *Evadnes.*—Evadne, daughter of Iphis, who slighted the attentions of Apollo; and so used here symbolically of all young women who are not to be caught by the mouse-trap of "the lofty rhyme."

184 14 *Determines.*—Latin, determinare, limits.

185 — Frances, daughter of Sir Clipsby Crewe, and Jane his wife, was born at Crewe, 27th July 1631: died 4th of February 1637-8, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.—G.

186 12 *Teending.*—Anglo-Saxon, tendan; tinding, kindling.

190 2 *Sock.*—The "soccus," a kind of low-heeled light shoe worn by the comic actors of classic times; hence, used figuratively for comedy.

190 2 *Buskin.*—The Latin "cothurnus," a boot reaching to the knee and worn in the classic tragedies; used in a similar manner for tragedy.

190 7 *Temper.*—Moderation, as before.

190 13 *Artless.*—*i.e.*, without art.

190 16 The "Alchymist" was first played in 1610. "The New Inn" was driven from the stage in 1629. I cannot find any record that the "Alchymist" was so used.

191 1 *Cynthius.*—A surname of Apollo.

page line

191 14 Compare the 144th line of Ovid's "Remedia Amoris:"—
"Cedit amor rebus ; res age, tutus eris."

192 4 He mentions his maid Prue several times. There is an epitaph upon her, and also this delightful little poem:—

UPON PRUDENCE BALDWIN, HER SICKNESS.

Prue, my dearest maid, is sick,
Almost to be lunatic :
Æsculapius ! come and bring
Means for her recovering,
And a gallant cock shall be
Offered up by her to thee.

192 5 *Wort.*—A plant of the cabbage kind.

192 13 *Batten.*—Rear, fatten.

194 17 *Stint.*—Proportions, quantity.

194 24 *Brass.*—Money, now a vulgarism,

194 26 *Cocker.*—Pamper.

195 4 *Neat.*—Elegant.

196 4 Compare Leviticus, chap. ii., and Mark ix., 49.—G.

196 19-20 Compare Horace, 3rd Ode of the first book, lines 9-12 :—

Illi robur et aes triplex
Circa pectus erat qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus, ...

197 12 Originally quoted by Aristotle (Ethics i. 11, and Rhetoric iii., 11, 2) from Simonides ; traced back to Pythagoras. —G.

198 1 *'Size.*—Assize ; standard, measure of life.

198 19-20 Compare Hamlet, Act i. scene 3 :—"To thine own self be true ; and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

200 1 *Esteem.*—Latin, aestimare, to value ; hence, ability to value.

204 — *John Wickes.*—This must be John Weekes, prebend of Bristol, bachelor of divinity of Cambridge, and sometime chaplain to Archbishop Laud. In 1643 he was created a doctor of divinity of Oxford. At that

page line

time he was a preacher there, either before the king or parliament. Afterwards he was made Dean of St. Burian, in Cornwall. Dr. Weekes attended His Majesty in Cornwall during some part of the wars; and Herrick has a poem "to the King, upon his coming with his Army into the West," which was in August 1644, when Charles I. pursued Essex into Cornwall and forced him to capitulate. Dr. Weekes suffered much for the royal cause; but at the Restoration he was reinstated in those offices from which he had been ejected. The only personal touch we have of him is that of Anthony à Wood's, who describes him as "a jocular person." The poem on p. 248 addressed to him, seems to imply that Herrick, after his ejectment, was much beholden to the charity of this, his "peculiar friend." See Wood's "Fasti" for 1643, and John Walker's "Sufferings of the Clergy," 1714, p. 391, and elsewhere.

204 1-6 Compare Horace, first four lines of Ode 14, book 2.

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume,
Labuntur anni, nec pietas moram
Rugis et instanti senectae
Afferet indomitaeque morti.

204 9-12 Compare lines 21-4 of the same ode.

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens
Uxor, neque harum quas colis arborum
Te praeter invisas cupressos,
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

205 2 *Repullulate.*—Latin, repullulare, to bud again.

205 5-6 Compare lines 15-6 of the 7th Ode of the 4th book of Horace.

. . . quo dives Tullus et Ancus
Pulvis et umbra sumus.

205 19 Compare Revelations ii., 17:—"To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth saving he that receiveth it."

205 21-2 *Brave Baiae.*—Compare line 83 of the 1st Epistle of the 1st Book of Horace:—"Baiis amoenis."

page line

206 6 *Candle bawdery.*—Obscene words and figures made with candle smoke, not unfrequently met with in the habitations of the vulgar.—G.

206 20 *Circular.*—Is this the Horatian "totus teres atque rotundus," Sat. 2, 7, 86.—*i.e.*, as implying perfection?

207 3 *Ptisick.*—Phthisick, a consumption of the whole body, arising from an ulceration of the lungs, etc.

207 8 *Baucis.*—The "Pannucea Baucis," perhaps, of Persius, iv. 21.

207 17 *Chine.*—Backbone.

207 19 *Iülus.*—Ascanius, the son of Æneas; figuratively for an heir.

207 22-3 Herrick is doubtless referring to the following poem of his:—

THE LILY IN A CRYSTAL.

You have beheld a smiling rose
When virgins' hands have drawn
O'er it a cobweb-lawn:
And here, you see, this lily shows,
Tombed in a crystal stone,
More fair in this transparent case
Than when it grew alone,
And had but single grace.

You see how cream but naked is,
Nor dances in the eye
Without a strawberry;
Or some fine tincture, like to this,
Which draws the sight thereto,
More by that wantoning with it
Than when the paler hue
No mixture did admit.

You see how amber through the streams
More gently strokes the sight
With some concealed delight
Than when he darts his radiant beams
Into the boundless air;
Where either too much light his worth
Doth all at once impair,
Or set it little forth.

page line

Put purple grapes or cherries in-
To glass, and they will send
More beauty to commend
Them, from that clean and subtile skin,
Than if they naked stood,
And had no other pride at all
But their own flesh and blood,
And tinctures natural.

Thus lily, rose, grape, cherry, cream,
And strawberry do stir
More love, when they transfer
A weak, a soft, a broken beam,
Than if they should discover
At full their proper excellence,
Without some scene cast over,
To juggle with the sense.

Thus let this crystalled lily be
A rule, how far to teach
Your nakedness must reach;
And that no further than we see
Those glaring colours laid
By art's wise hand, but to this end
They should obey a shade,
Lest they too far extend.

So though you're white as swan or snow,
And have the power to move
A world of men to love;
Yet, when your lawns and silks shall flow,
And that white cloud divide
Into a doubtful twilight, then,
Then will your hidden pride
Raise greater fires in men.

208 3-6 Reference (but inaccurate) to Iliad iii.—G.

209 6 *Pith.*—Strength.

209 17 *Pricket.*—A young male deer of two years old, beginning to put forth its horns.

210 7 *Burr.*—The rough, prickly covering of the seeds of certain plants, as of the burdock or the chestnut.

211 — Endymion Porter seems to have had only one brother, Giles, who "died at Oxford in the service of Charles I.,

page line

unmarried." It is probable, therefore, that his death took place between 1642-6.

Sir Endymion Porter was born in 1587, it is said in the Manor-house of Aston-sub Edge, in Gloucestershire. He passed the early years of his life in Spain in the service of Olivares; and was employed by Prince Charles and Buckingham into that country on matters connected with the Spanish marriage. He married Olive, daughter of John, first Lord Butler, by whom he had several children. There is a famous family-piece of him, his wife, and three of his sons, by Van Dyck, as well as several other portraits of him. During the Civil War he was very active in secret services for Charles I.

To us, his chief interest lies in his appreciation of Art and Letters. Herrick calls him "the patron of poets," and speaks of "the state of poets" attending him. Dekker dedicates his "Dream" to him, Davenant a play, Randolph a poem. Nor was it only poetry that he had a care for. I find in Vander Doort's catalogue of Charles I.'s collection, among the Ashmolean MSS., many entries relating to him. For example: "a picture of Diana and Acteon by Giorgione, bought by the king of Mr. Endymion Porter;" "a black brass little statue, where little David overcomes ye great Goliath, bought by Mr. Endymion Porter for ye king;" as well as other pictures, ivories, etc., together with a piece of silver-work, a gift of his to the king. But he extended his patronage beyond the Fine Arts. A Wood tells us that to encourage Mr. Rob. Dover's Olympic games upon the Cotswold Hills, he gave him some of the king's old clothes, with a hat and feather and ruff, purposely to grace him, and consequently the solemnity. He died in 1649, though one authority says he was then sixty-five years of age.

For want of more space and opportunity, I have been forced to leave this note in its present unsatisfactory condition; but it is much to be hoped that before long we may have an exhaustive account of this most interesting person. After the delightful fashion of the Athenæ Oxoniensis, he is there called "a great man and beloved by two kings," "and of a most generous spirit." But whatever he himself may have been, his surroundings are much too valuable not to be chronicled.

page line

211 5-7 Compare Catullus, carmen 5, line 4 :—

Soles occidere et redire possunt.

This first stanza is evidently supposed to be addressed by Herrick to himself ; and not by Porter to Herrick, as Dr. Grosart suggests.

214 3 Fail agrees with the nearest noun, as in Shakespeare.—G.

214 15 *Flock.*—Latin, floccus, a lock of wool.

215 7 *The voice's daughter.*—Echo.

215 10 *Fore-fend.*—Forbid.

215 10 *Pales.*—The goddess of sheepfolds and pastures among the Romans.

217 — *His Paternal Country.—i.e.*, London.

220 10 *Creeking.*—This would seem to be a provincial form of 'cackling.'

220 24 *Miching.*—To lie hid, to skulk ; to retire or shrink from view.

221 1 *A Trasy.*—"His spaniel."—*Herrick.* There is elsewhere in the Hesperides a little verse "Upon his Spaniell Tracie."

223 5 *Spars.*—Rafters.

223 22 *Unchipped.*—To chip bread was to cut it into slices.

223 22 *Unflead.*—There was a verb "to flay" used in old cookery, meaning to mix.

224 7 *Purslane.*—A plant of the genus Portulaca, formerly much used in salads.

227 7 *Beadsman.*—A man employed in praying, generally for another. In this sense the word was used in former times at the conclusion of petitions or letters to great men as we now use "servant" or "humble servant."

227 10 Compare Ecclesiastes, chap. 12, v. 5.—"And the grasshopper shall be a burden."

page line

227 12 *Termly.*—Occurring every term. Perhaps Herrick is alluding here to the terms kept in a hospital or college for poor persons; and by Beadsman, above, he is implying the almsmen of such a college, who would, before the Reformation, have prayed for the soul of their founder.

231 3 The Court of Requests was a court of equity for the relief of such persons as addressed His Majesty by supplication, abolished by stat. 16 and 17, Car. I.

231 21 *Great Platonic year.*—"A revolution of certain thousand years, when all things should return into their former estate, and he (Plato) be teaching again in his school, as when he delivered this opinion."—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

232 11 *Candour.*—Latin candidus, glistening whiteness.

236 4-6 At the yearly processions or perambulations, when they beat the boundaries of the parish, the Gospel was read at certain trees, thence called "Gospel trees."

237 13 *Artless.*—Unskilful.

238 7.—*i.e.*, when the number of the comforters present is more than the number of true friends amongst them.

241 2 Compare Psalm cxxxvii., v. 2.—"We hanged our harps upon the willows."

241 5-6 Amphion "learned his musick of Mercury, and received his lute from him: by the force of his musick he caused the stones to follow him with which the walls of Thebes were built."

215 1 *Drooping West.*—Herrick's references to Devonshire are somewhat contradictory. For example, this poem:—

DISCONTENTS IN DEVON.

More discontents I never had,
Since I was born, than here;
Where I have been, and still am sad,
In this dull Devonshire.

page line

Yet, justly too, I must confess,
I ne'er invented such
Ennobled numbers for the press,
Than where I loathed so much—

as against these lines :—

Before I went
To banishment
Into the loathèd West,
I could rehearse
A lyric verse,
And speak it with the best.

But time, ah me !
Has laid, I see,
My organ fast asleep :
And turned my voice
Into the noise
Of those that sit and weep.

But as far as his poetry was concerned, it could not have been an unmixed evil.

248 8 *Over-leaven.*—Leaven was commonly a piece of dough salted and soured, to ferment and relish the whole lump : as Dr. Grosart points out, the expression would seem to refer to a further stage of acetous or vinegary fermentation.

250 4 *Pyramides.*—Latin, pyramides ; pyramid, used here for monument.

251 14 Compare Horace, Book i., Ode 1, last line :—

"Sublimi feriam sidera vertice."

252 — Set to music by Henry Lawes, in the 1st book of his "Ayres and Dialogues," 1653, p. 19. It is called there, "To his mistress objecting his age."

255 5 *Effusion.*—Latin plural, effusiones, a pouring forth ; libations.

257 — Sir Edward Giles, Knight, was born at Bowdon, in the parish of Totnes, Devonshire, about 1580. While yet but young, he ravelled beyond the seas ; and the Low-

page line

Countries at that time being the scene of war, and the Academy of Military discipline, he entered himself a soldier, and trailed a pike in Her Majesty's service, Queen Elizabeth of glorious memory, there for several years together. Near upon, or soon after her decease, he returned into England; and being now an accomplished gentleman, he was taken notice of at court; and though still young, and his father living, yet had the honour of knighthood conferred upon him by King James I., at the time of his coronation, 1604. At his father's death, Sir Edward coming full and whole into a fair and flourishing estate, lived in great reputation at Bowdon; and by King James, in the eleventh year of his reign, he had the whole power of the county of Devon put into his hands. He was always returned one of the Burgesses to serve the town of Totnes in Parliament, in every election during the reign of King James I. and King Charles I., unto the time of his death. He married Mary, the daughter and sole heir of Edmund Drew of Haine, relict of Walter Northcot of Uton, Esq.; but having no issue by her, he endeavoured to preserve his name and family by his uncle's son. He settled upon him in his lifetime the Barton of Bowdon, and the manor of Ashprington; and removing his own family from thence to make way for him, he retired to his house at Dean Prior, where he spent the remainder of his days; and departing this mortal life in the year of our Lord God 1637, he was interred December 28th, in the south aisle belonging to that Parish Church; where in the wall over the Chancel door is erected to his memory and his lady's, who was there buried also January 26th, 1642, a very fair monument.

So far I have condensed from John Prince's Worthies of Devon, 1701, p. 333; and at this length, because anything which throws light on Herrick's surroundings at Dean Prior is worthy of our attention, if we wish to study his poetry. But the most valuable part of this account of Sir Edward Giles is where, after describing the Giles monument as consisting of a statue of the defunct cut in stone, clothed in armour richly gilded, kneeling before a desk with his hand erect in devout posture, and on the other side of the desk a like kneeling figure of his lady in mourning habit, and after quoting the epitaph, Prince goes on to tell us that "the Author of

this Epitaph was Mr. Herrick, at that time Vicar of the Parish of Dean Prior, and very Aged; but in his Youth he had been an eminent Poet, as his printed Works declare." As the epitaph could not have been written until after Lady Giles' death in 1642, and as we are here told that Herrick was "very aged" when he wrote it, the reasonable conclusion is that it was not composed till after Herrick's return to Dean Prior in 1662. Hence, this is the only poem of his we have which was written, so far as we know, after the publication of the Hesperides.

POOR ROBIN'S ALMANACK.

As there is a tradition that Herrick was the author of Poor Robin's Almanack, and as no editor of Herrick has as yet reprinted any portion of these humorous calendars, the present seems a good opportunity for giving a few examples of the prose and verse contained in them.

The earliest which the British Museum possesses is that for the year 1664. It is entitled:—"An Almanack after a New Fashion; written by Poor Robin, Knight of the Burnt-Island, a well-willer to the Mathematicks."

This is set against the Calendar for February:

"How soon our life doth pass and slide away?
Un-born, full grown, and buried in a day.
All as a rose that now unswadelèd
From her green bands, displayes her virgin-head.
Straight to the Sun her lovely breast exposes,
Straight all disrob'd, her sweets and verdure loses:
Even so our life like to this fading flower
Doth spring, bud, blossom, wither in an hower.
Each stealing moment on it makes a prey,
Steals away part, till all is stole away."

These are a couple of the "observations" for the same month:—

"We may expect some showers of rain either this month or the next, or the next after that, or else we shall have a very dry spring."

"The twenty seventh day of this month died Cardinal Mazarine, and if you would know the reason why he died then, I answer it was because he could live no longer."

There is something in this ridiculous "Ode to the Clouds" which strongly suggests Herrick having a joke :—

"What ayles ye, O ye clouds, or why alas
Do ye thus costive lye? what destiny
Hath bound your buckets up in pale face't brass,
Your Danaids tubs bespect with holes whereby
You crumble rain, can ye our misery
Behold with face so dry, with eyes hide bound?
Can ye thus march the blithsome sun around,
And sweat no swelling fatness on the meager ground?

Ye are the world's great mud-wall, should defend
From the besieging Sun this circled Town,
Whilest he his flakes of sprightful flame doth send.
And in straight lines distreaks his wild-fire down.
Shedding his flaming hairs from's burning crown:
But ye in Christal jellys candyed lie,
Like alabaster floor, or ivory,
And with your starchy waves stiffen the liquid sky."

The next of these Almanacks which the museum possesses is for the year 1667; from which I transcribe this, in its way, quite perfect couplet :—

"When the Rain raineth and the Goose winketh,
Little wots the Gosling what the Goose thinketh."

MARSHALL'S PORTRAIT OF HERRICK.

A last word on William Marshall's frontispiece to the original edition of the Hesperides, with its portrait of Herrick. Some of Marshall's portraits are extremely quaint and pleasing, as that of Donne, when young: but the Herrick frontispiece is Marshall at his worst. Without criticising it as a portrait, I would point out the monstrous proportions of the head and neck considered in relation to the face, and the entire absence of knowledge, either anatomical or artistic, in the drawing of the neck and pectoral muscles. Marshall's portrait of Francis Bacon is a good example of what a commonplace person he could make of one of the most grandly presenced of men. But the most scathing judgment upon him is that of Milton's.

After Marshall had engraved his portrait for the 1645 edition of his poems, Milton gave him the following epigram to engrave under it, which he did innocently enough, for he understood Greek as little as he understood drawing :—

IN EFFIGIEI EJUS SCULPTOREM.

Ἀμαθεῖ γεγράφθαι χειρὶ τήνδε μὲν εἰκόνα
Φαίης τάχ' ἄν, πρὸς εἶδος αὐτοφυὲς βλεπων.
Τὸν δ' ἐκτυπωτὸν οὐκ ἐπιγνόντες, φίλοι,
Γελᾶτε φαύλου δυσμίμημα ζωγράφον.

Which Professor Masson translates thus :—

That an unskilful hand had carved this print
You'd say at once, seeing the living face;
But, finding here no jot of me, my friends,
Laugh at the wretched artist's mis-attempt.

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